

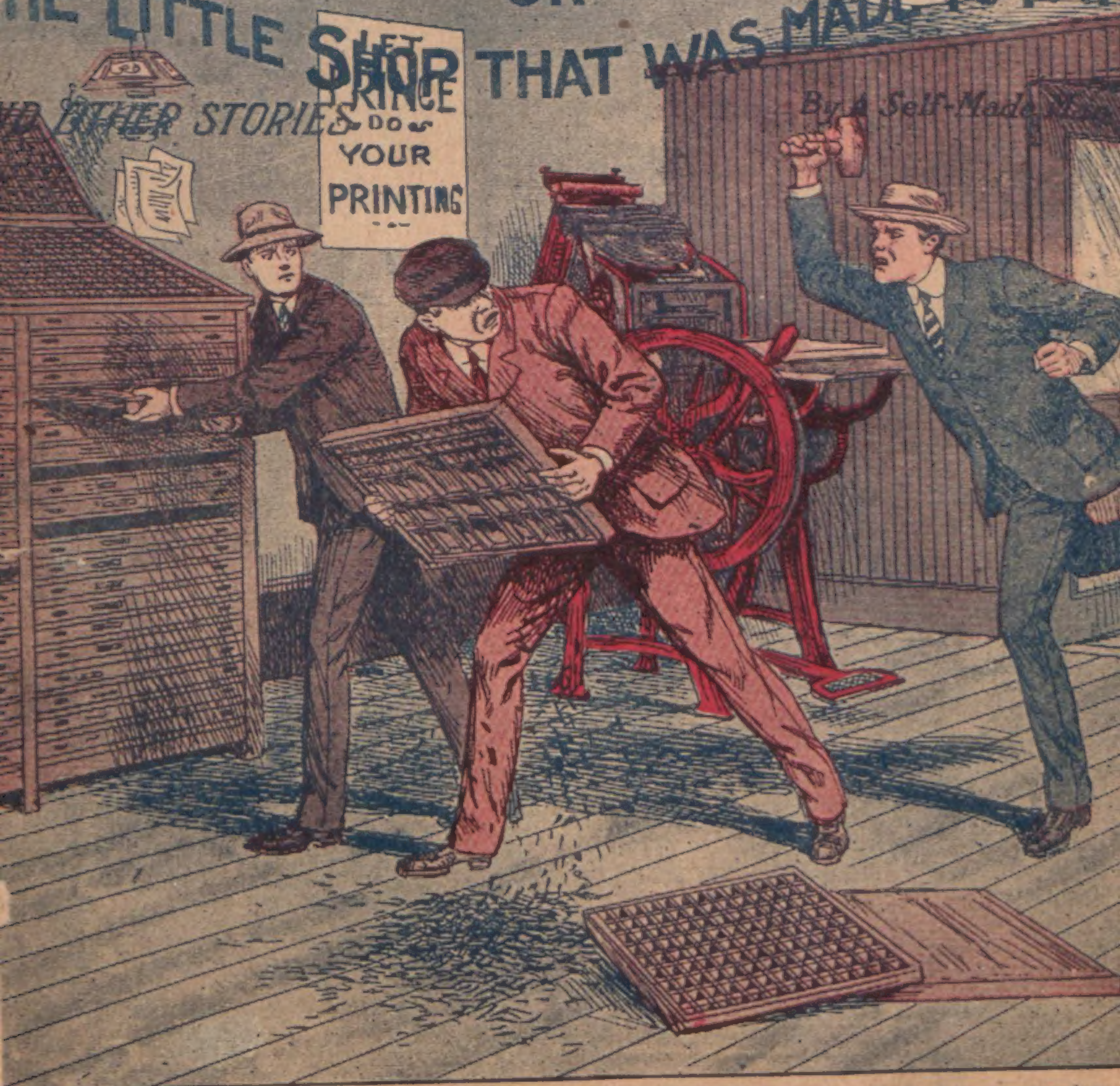
GAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

WHO MAKE
MONEY.

PRINCE, THE PRINTER OR THE LITTLE SHOP THAT WAS MADE TO PAY



"Here you are," said Tinker, yanking out a case of job letter and passing it to his companion. Bunker dumped its contents on the floor. "What are you doing, you rascals!" cried Prince, rushing into the office with uplifted mallet.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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PRINCE, THE PRINTER

OR THE LITTLE SHOP THAT WAS MADE TO PAY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Which Introduces Sidney Prince.

"Hello, Prince, I met Hal Harwood on California street a while ago, coming out of his father's office, and he told me you were going to move your printing plant from your house to a room on Commercial street, which you have hired, and go into the business as a regular means of earning your living," said Pink Burrell, meeting his friend, Sidney Prince, on Kearney street one morning.

"That's correct. My father's sudden death, and the involved state in which he left his affairs, compels me to get down to real business. Starting out as an amateur printer I have accumulated quite a little office, as you know. Instead of waiting around for the promised clerkship in the Pacific Coast Steamship Co.'s office, which might not be open for a month or two—Mr. Goodall told my mother that he couldn't say just when there would be a vacancy—I have decided to turn my printing plant to use and make something out of it. The only way to do that is to move it down among the printers and hustle around for work," said Prince.

"I don't see why you shouldn't build up a business," said Burrell. "You have a regular job press, and forty or fifty fonts of type, not to mention the newspaper type you have been using on your amateur paper, which you will stop, I suppose, for there is no money in that, though you have got a lot of paying advertisements."

"I shall continue printing that for a while, as Harwood is greatly interested in it, and he has promised to get more advertisements. It has more than paid for itself since we started it. Harwood is going to take full charge of it hereafter, and do all the editing himself. We'll still be partners in it, but I'm to be paid the cost of getting it out, the same as though I had no interest in it, so it will count as one of my regular jobs. When a fellow goes into business he looks to his friends to give him a lift in any way they can, so I hope all my friends will give me a boost."

"I can get you a lot of work. I know a whole lot of business people," said Burrell.

"I know you do, and I intended asking you to speak to some of them, and distribute my cards, when I get them out, where they are likely to do some good. I'll make it an object to you, Pink. I'll keep an account of all the work you steer

into my office, and I'll give you ten per cent. of the profit I make out of it, settling with you every month."

"Will you?" said Burrell eagerly.

"I will."

"It's a go. I'll scare up enough printing to keep you going."

"Then you ought to make a bunch of spending money. I'll be able to hire an assistant right away, for I want to get out and canvass my own friends—I mean my late father's business acquaintances. They'll help me, I know. Some of them give out quite a bit of printing in a year."

"When are you going to start up?"

"Right away. I've rented the office. It's a good-sized room on the second floor, facing the street, No. —. The entrance isn't very tony. Rather dark and dirty, but people can't expect style about a printing shop, particularly a small one. I'm going to hire an expressman after lunch to cart my plant down. I will have it all in shape for work before I return home to-night. I may stay down and get a part of my own printing out—cards and billheads. Harwood told me he'd come down and help me. He's getting to be a pretty good typesetter himself, though he doesn't intend to be a printer. He's going into his father's office, after going through the University of California. I expected to go there myself, but my father's death has changed all that."

"Everybody thought your father was mighty well off. Your folks have lived in good style. Is your mother going to sell the house?"

"No, I don't think she'll have to do that, but she might have to rent it. The house is in her name, fortunately, and can't be touched by the creditors of the estate. So practically she's all right, no matter how things turn out. I expect to make enough to keep the pot boiling, though, I guess, my mother and sister will have to economize on their clothes. I can't expect to approach my father's income until I get established."

"You'll have to do considerable business to make as much as he did. It is funny how he managed to make so much when you say he owed so much. There are a lot of business men in the same boat, I guess. Things appear to go all right while they are alive, but the moment they drop out, everything goes up the flume. For all I know, my old man might be in the same fix. If he is, no one appears to know it but himself."

"Well, I must get along. I've got lots to at-

tend to. Come down and see me and the little shop to-morrow if you can."

"I will," said Burrell, and the boys parted.

We may as well say here that this story is founded on fact, and that the events happened about forty-five years ago in San Francisco. The author was a boy himself at the time, and personally acquainted with Sidney Prince, and all the other characters who figure in this story. The names used, however, are all fictitious. At the time of which we write, amateur journalism had become a great fad among the youths of the Slope, and a score or more of small papers were being published at intervals of a month by those boys who could afford to indulge in the luxury of posing as real publishers and editors. Few of them, however, had any practical knowledge of printing, therefore most of the papers were turned out for them at regular printing offices, one large establishment on lower Clay street enjoying almost a monopoly of the trade. As a bear figure prominently in the State seal of California, it was quite appropriate that one of these amateur papers should be called *The Cub*. The boys also had a Press Association, where they met to exchange views and keep up the interest in their fad.

As boys are prone to imitate their elders in their line of action, it will not be a matter of surprise that the rivalry between some of the amateur papers developed choice examples of editorial abuse and sarcasm leveled at each other. Sometimes this led to personal fisticuffs when the young editors encountered one after another after the publication of their current issues. As a rule, however, there was no real enmity between them, and a scrap put them on good terms again, until the next issue of their papers. Sidney Prince was bitten by the typographical bug when he visited the Mechanics' Fair held annually, as a rule, in the city, and saw an exhibition of type casting, which was one of the features that year. Nothing would satisfy him but he must have a small printing office of his own in his home. As he had plenty of pocket money, it was a simple matter for him to go to one of the two type foundries and state what he wanted. It happened that he struck the manager, and that gentleman finding he knew no more about printing than a calf, asked him what use he was going to make of the type.

"I'm going to print with them," said Prince.

"Then you'll need a printing press. The smallest I can offer you will cost you \$250."

"Haven't you got one of those Novelty presses sold in Boston for \$15 to \$25?"

"No. That's only a toy. We don't keep such things."

Prince was a good-looking, manly boy, well dressed, and seemed so much in earnest, that the manager took him into his private office and had a long talk with him. When he saw that the lad was determined to play printer, and could afford to indulge his fancy, he advised him, as a preliminary, as his vacation was at hand, to go to work in a small printing office and get a practical insight into the business.

"I'll send you to an office where you'll learn enough in six weeks to answer your purpose,"

said the manager. "It's a little office on Clay street, run by an old man who has been a printer all his life. He only keeps a boy to help him, as his business is not extensive, being confined chiefly to cards, billheads, circulars and such things. The boy kicks the two jobbers alternately, keeps the office swept and runs errands. Now, I can arrange with the old man to take you on and teach you to set type, and how to make a job ready on a job press. For this instruction you are to give your services free. If he asks you to run errands when the boy is busy, you must not refuse. If you will consent to make yourself generally useful, and ask for no pay, and keep the office hours, you will learn enough to enable you to play printer at home with some degree of skill."

Prince jumped at the offer, and the manager told him to call on the following day. He did so, and was told that the old man had agreed to take him. The result was Prince worked all through his vacation for the old man, and when he had to quit he was, in his own estimation, quite a finished printer. He immediately bought a dozen fonts of job type, a small font of newspaper type, a couple of "sticks," and a whole lot of miscellaneous material necessary to do work with. Then instead of sending to Boston for a toy press, he "pulled his father's leg" for a real press, and his father readily came down with the price.

That was the beginning of Prince's private printing plant, and as months passed by it soon became quite a sizable little office, occupying the whole of a spare room adjoining his bedroom. He "struck" all his acquaintances for work, and monopolized the visiting card trade of his mother's friends. He edited and printed a small school paper, issued once a month, the contributors being his schoolmates. Two years passed away, and Prince gained constantly in experience, and his plant grew steadily larger. He didn't need half the type he bought, but whenever a job struck his fancy he bought one or two sizes of it. The "point" system was not in vogue then, and every foundry had its own system. As a result one founder's "brevier," for instance, would not always line up with another founder's brevier, and this created a lot of trouble. Prince used one founder's quads and spaces altogether.

There would have been woe in his office if he hadn't, for he never could have kept two different kinds separate. As many of his job fonts wouldn't line with his quads and spaces, he got over this, after a fashion, by using leads. As professional printers had their own troubles from the foundry method then in vogue, there was no cause for our hero to worry. At any rate, he wasn't of the worrying kind. He had sense enough to buy mostly the type made by one foundry, and he got on well enough. It was about this time that amateur journalism began to develop, and Prince became an ardent enthusiast. He could boast that he was the only amateur who actually printed his own paper, and that was some boast, believe me, and he was the envy of his contemporaries. And so things went on swimmingly with him till three months before our story opens. Then his father died, and that altered things with him considerably.

CHAPTER II.—The Little Shop.

Prince's sister felt like crying when she saw his printing plant carried out of the house and loaded on the express wagon. It had been a constant source of pleasure for her to walk into the little printery and watch him at his work. In fact, under his instruction, she got so she could set type pretty well herself, though she never acquired the knack of "dumping" a stickful on the galley. She declared the house would not be the same to her without the press and types.

"Whenever you feel that way, put on your hat and come down to the shop," laughed her brother.

"It won't look the same there to me," she replied. "Commercial street is a dirty little narrow street, and I don't care about going there."

"You can walk down Kearney to it, and then you won't have more than half a block to go."

"A half block is more than enough."

"Oh, you'll get over that feeling after you have been there once or twice."

"But I don't like climbing dark and dirty narrow stairs."

"What's one flight? You'll get the real printing aroma down there."

Daisy Prince was satisfied she wouldn't like the shop a bit, and no argument could convince her that she would. The last batch of printing material was carried out of the room, leaving it looking much the worse for its occupancy as a printery, even if it had been only an amateur one, and then Daisy watched the wagon depart down the residential street, with her brother perched beside the driver on the seat. An hour later the press and type were set up in the little shop, and Prince surveyed the new scene of his labors with a business eye, for his day of play had passed and henceforth he must hustle to establish himself. He locked up and went down to a paper and card warehouse on Sansome street and bought some cards and bill heads. When he got back he found the sign painter to whom he had given the order affixing the sign at the street door. It ran as follows:

LET PRINCE DO YOUR PRINTING.

Good Work at Reasonable Prices.

One Flight Up.

On his office door was tacked the sign of:

PRINCE THE PRINTER.

Walk In.

The painter handed him the third sign:

LET PRINCE DO YOUR PRINTING.

This sign the boy tacked on the wall facing the door. After the departure of the painter, Prince peeled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, grabbed a stick and began setting up his business card. The catch line at the top, which he also put on his billheads, and all personal advertising he got out afterwards, was:

LET PRINCE DO YOUR PRINTING.

Then followed: "Prince the Printer executes all kinds of job printing with neatness and dis-

patch. Prices to your liking. Work always delivered on time. No. — Commercial street, San Francisco, Cal." He locked the small form up, inked his press, and took an impression. After correcting a couple of errors, he made it ready and worked off about fifty.

"Harwood likes to kick a press. I'll let him run the rest off when he turns up, as he is sure to do shortly. In the meanwhile I'll set up my billhead."

The same matter as was on the card made up the bill head. He was taking a stone proof of it with a covered planer when his chum walked in, attired in his usual way.

"Moved and at work all ready, eh, Prince?" he said. "You haven't lost any time about it."

"Time is money now, old man, and I can't afford to lose any of it. How do you like the shop?" said Prince.

"Fine! That's a corking good sign you've got downstairs. There's something original about that. 'Let Prince do your printing.' It will attract notice. Then, 'Prince the Printer' on your door is decidedly euphonious. One of these days I expect you'll have a shop as big as Francis & Valentine, or Bacon & Co."

"Take off your jacket and run off those cards," said Prince.

"You're going to have that line on all your private printing, eh?" said Harwood, picking up one of the cards and reading it approvingly.

"Yes. I want everybody to get the habit of coming to Prince the printer."

"Good! You'll have Sterett, Winterburn and the rest of them green with envy," said Hal, as he started to kick the press.

When the 500 cards were run off, Prince put the billhead on the press, made it ready and left the labor of working a package off to Harwood.

"Oh, by the way, here's a job of cards I got for you on my way here," said Hal. "Same general style and quality of card. Charge them \$3.50 for 1,000. Deliver C. O. D."

"Do they want to see a proof?"

"Be sure there's no errors, and let her go. You know Madame Poland, the hair-dresser?"

"Yes."

"I've captured an order from her, but she didn't have the copy ready for me to fetch along. You can drop in there to-morrow and get it. My mother and the ladies in her set all patronize the madame. I told her if you didn't get all her work hereafter I'd steer the ladies over to her rival in the next block. She assured me that whatever I said went with her."

"Thanks, Hal."

"Every one of the advertisers in our little paper has got to patronize you or I'll know the reason why not. That reminds me the governor told me to leave an order with Popper for half a dozen shirts. He always patronizes Popper. When I leave the order I'll hand him one of your cards, with the hint that if Prince doesn't do his printing after this, I'll get my father to try another shirt-maker. That will fetch him."

"I hope it will."

"Then there's Collins, the hatter, on Montgomery street. He's got to come to time, too. Did your father get his head gear there?"

"No He went to Lamott."

"Then you strike Lamott."

"I intend to, but I can't work any screw on him like you, for he knows my father is dead."

"Suppose he is. You aren't dead yourself, and your trade is worth something."

"It ought to be."

"I'll get you James G. Steele & Co. They give out considerable printing. You've done some of it at your house, and turned it out in good shape. Then there is Hodge, the stationer, on Sansome street. He's a particular friend of my governor. I'll fan his ear for some of his trade."

"I guess you can get me quite a lot of work."

"Sure I can."

"I promised to give Pink Burrell ten per cent. of the profits on what he got me, and I'll do the same with you."

"No you won't. I wouldn't be guilty of taking a cent from you. What do you think I am? Do I look as if I needed it? Aren't we chums? I'm going to help you all I can."

"I shall certainly tell Daisy what a brick you are."

That suited Harwood first rate. He was sweet on Daisy Prince, and Sid knew it. He also knew that his sister thought Hal the nicest ever. It was a safe bet that Harwood could be depended on to bring him in work. While the boys were talking, Hal was kicking the press at an easy gait and Sid was setting up a monthly statement for himself. This was put on the press after the bill head, and then Prince tackled his first outside job—1,000 business cards for the Pacific Straw Works, which Harwood had brought in. By the time Harwood had leisurely run off the statements, Prince had the job in type and was pulling a stone proof of it.

"How is that?" he said, showing it to his chum.

"Fine as silk. Going to put it on?"

"It's after six now. You ought to go home to your dinner."

"I can eat at a restaurant with you."

"We can't print it to-night."

"Why not?"

"I haven't got the stock for the job."

"That's too bad. You might have got it out of the way. Then you're going to quit?"

"I was going to set up that story of yours for our paper."

"If you had another case of brevier I'd help you."

"There's a column of nonpareil copy to be set. I'll tackle that and let you set the brevier."

"Good! Where's the manuscript? How did you like the yarn?"

"First rate. After this you're the editor-in-chief, remember."

"With you as general adviser," said Harwood, as Prince handed him the copy of his story. "Say, what do you think? I heard to-day that Bunker and Tinker are going to start a paper called the Red Hot, to lay it into us chaps and a few others."

"How often do they expect to issue it—once a year?"

"I guess one consecutive issue will be all that will ever see light."

"One consecutive issue is good," laughed Prince.

"I must give those chaps a rap in advance, though it won't be the first we've handed them. They've been talking for six months about getting a paper out; but their talk is all hot air. I don't believe they'll ever get one out. I doubt if they could raise the price."

For a few minutes the room was still and nothing was heard but the clicking of type in the sticks. Prince was setting up a lot of editorial comments intended for the next issue of the paper that he and Harwood had been getting out for the past six months. The name of this paper was the Youth of California. It was a handsome little eight-page publication, about 8 by 11, three columns to a page, with a cover which had been added when the advertisements began to encroach upon the reading pages.

It enjoyed a bona-fide circulation of about 500 copies. A serial written by T. Henry Carr, "the prince of amateur writers," was running on the first and second pages, and each issue also contained a couple of short stories. Then there was a puzzle corner, a jokers' budget, and other departments. Also two editorials and personal remarks about amateurs and amateurism in general. Prince was now setting up the latter as far as his copy went. He or Harwood were responsible for whatever went in this column. The item he began with ran as follows:

"We are to have a girl editor at last. We have it on the best of authority that Miss Amanda Naylor will begin the publication of a paper on the first of July called the Olive Branch. We welcome the young lady and her paper with open arms. Long may they both flourish!"

Another ran:

"John D. Garvey, who has charge of the cuspidors in the Occident office, is booming Louis Weishammer for the presidency of the Pacific Coast Amateur Press Association. When we say that Louis is a particular friend of Dave Bunker and Tom Tinker, no further remarks are necessary."

A third gave this information:

"We are informed that the Post Boy, 'the only paper in the world printed on postal cards,' will soon reappear."

A fourth was decidedly personal, and led to trouble afterward in Prince's little shop:

"Amateurism has for the past few months been in a demoralized condition in this city. There are two reasons—Dave Bunker and Tom Tinker, with a small one in the shape of Louis Weishammer. If these objectionable elements were thrown out of the P. C. A. P. A., things would run smoother."

When Prince had put the above in type, he laid down his stick and said it was time to go to supper. Harwood agreed with him, and they started for a Clay street restaurant.

CHAPTER III.—Prince Puts Up An Argument.

Prince opened up next morning at quarter of eight. He remained five minutes in the office, and then went out for the cards with which to print his first job. After finishing it he entered

it in his order book with two visiting card jobs his sister got for him. His charge for the latter was \$1.25 for fifty. The stock cost him about a dime. Pink Burrell came in about ten o'clock with a dozen orders for cards and billheads.

"I've only just got started," he said, with a grin. "Better hire a bookkeeper and half a dozen comps. You'll need a couple of more presses. You ought to have rented the whole building."

"I will surely need a compositor and a boy to kick the press if you are going to get me much work," said Prince, as he started to enter the orders in his book, putting Pink's initials to each.

"Why, I can get you loads of work and only half try at that," said Burrell.

"Get it and I'll see it is turned out."

"That fellow there wants to see a proof. Have it ready for me this afternoon and I'll show it to him. No proofs for the others. By the way, this man wants his card set in the same kind of type. How near can you come to it?"

"I haven't any rimmed roman. In fact, I can only duplicate one line."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll give the job out."

"There's no money in that, is there?"

"Not for you. I'll get a commission of about two bits."

"All right."

"Any one else want special type?"

"No one else said so."

"That's a nice line on that card. I guess I'll buy a font of it. Want to run down to Printer's Type Foundry and get it for me?"

"Sure. Whereabouts is the place?"

"No. 510 Clay street. Here's an order for it. Take the card with you as a sample."

When Pink got back with the type and a case to put it in, Prince was at work on one of his orders.

"Can you lay that font in the case for me?" he said.

"I'll try it."

"The caps go in those small boxes. They run in order, A, B, and so on over to P, then Q goes under A, see?"

"That's easy," said Pink.

"I'll put it on a galley and wet it for you."

Pink got along all right with the capitals, and then he wanted to know where the periods, commas, etc., went. Prince showed him. Laying out the lower case stumped him, however, so Prince marked the boxes for him, and he came out all right.

"There ain't any spaces or quads with this thing," he said.

"That's all right. None come with it."

"What are you going to do? Want me to go back for some?"

"No, I've got enough scattered around among the cases."

"All right. Say, I met Harry Doring and told him you had opened an office here, though I didn't remember your number. He says he'll call and see you to-day."

"I'll be glad to see him. He's a printer and can give me some points."

"Yes. His father has a printing office on Sacramento street. That's where he gets his paper out."

"I know it. I've been there several times. Harry is a good fellow. He and T. Henry Carr run together."

"Say, it's a shame the way the Bunker-Tinker crowd jump on T. Henry, isn't it? I don't see why any of the papers print their stuff. We ought to put them out of the Press Association."

"Harwood is making a move in that direction," said Prince, locking up the card he had put in type. "If you have the time, Pink, will you run another errand for me?"

"Sure. Where this time?"

"To the paper house on Sansome street. I want you to get me some cards for these jobs, also a quantity of different sized billheads. You can bring a couple of packages. The house will deliver the rest of the order."

Prince made out the order and Pink went off with it. While he was away Daisy Prince and her particular friend, Eva French, came in. Prince claimed Eva as his girl.

"Hello, this is a surprise! Glad to see you," said Sid.

"What a dirty place!" said Daisy, turning up her nose. "Why, the stairs are the worst I ever ascended. Why didn't you pick out a clean building? Really, when I tell mother she'll be disgusted."

"That's right. Commence to criticise the little shop and its approaches the first thing. That's a poor way to encourage your brother, isn't it? What do you think of the office, Eva?"

"I suppose printing offices are not supposed to be clean," she replied.

"No, they're not as clean as brokers' offices. Don't go too close to that press or you might get a spot of oil on your dress."

"Got any work yet?" asked Daisy.

"Pink Burrell brought me twelve orders this morning."

"Did he? That's good of him."

"Sure it is. He'll be back here in a little while and you can thank him."

"Has he gone looking for more?"

"No. He went on an errand for me."

"Eva wants some more cards. All you printed for her have been used."

"I'll print her some right away. I've got those two orders you handed me to run off, and it won't take much time to include some for her."

Prince worked off the three sets of visiting cards, and then Burrell came in with two packages of billheads and half a dozen of cards. He was surprised to see the girls, and shook hands with them. They said they were just going, and he volunteered to go along with them. Prince worked like a beaver till noon, and having decided that he needed a boy to run the press, he went around to the Call office on his way to lunch and advertised for one. When he got back he found Harry Doring trying to get into his office.

"Hello, Harry. I'm in the printing business now."

"I see you are. That's a good sign you have at the door. Quite unique."

"I think it fills the bill."

"Why don't you look for an office on Clay street? There is more travel on that street?"

"The rent is much cheaper in this block, and that's a consideration with me just now. I ex-

pect to get most of my work by personal canvass and through some of my friends. Pink Burrell brought me in a dozen orders this morning."

Prince opened the door and they walked into his office. Harry Doring looked around. To his experienced eye Sid's plant, which seemed all right in his room at his house, looked very meager in that place. Two frames pretty well filled with type cases, an imposing stone of no great size, and a Gordon jobber, constituted the major part of the display of the little shop. There were three windows, and the frames stood back to back at the center one. The press was over near one of the walls, about midway in the room, while the stone was about in the center of the office. The shop looked decidedly one-horse.

"Do you think you'll make out here?" asked Doring.

"If I don't it won't be my fault," said Prince resolutely.

"Are you open to a few suggestions?"

"I shall welcome anything that will be to my advantage."

"Well, then, you ought to put up a bigger front. Can you lay out a few dollars in giving your office a more business-like look?"

"I can if you think it is necessary."

"Well, what you want to get right away is at least two more frames. Put one against the wall at that window, and the other against the wall at the other window. That will relieve the bareness. If you don't need any more body type, you can put your job cases on them. But what body type have you? Your paper is set in brevier and nonpareil. Is that all you have?"

"Yes."

"Then you had better buy a 25-pound font of pica, of the same face as your other type. You'll find need for it all that time. You ought to get a small font of long primer, too. That will give you four different sizes of body type, and they are absolutely necessary. How many fonts of job letters have you?"

"About forty."

Doring looked them over.

"Your plant is fine for an amateur shop, but when you get to doing quite a bit of work you'll find that you'll have a good deal of your type standing. That is going to keep a part of your material out of work, and you'll lose a lot of time picking letters out for the job you are setting up. Considerable time is lost in the biggest offices that way, no matter how much type they have, for the bigger the office the more work is done in them, and there is always a tremendous amount of 'live' matter standing around. In our office we usually put in Saturday afternoon distributing the dead jobs that have accumulated during the week, for when we're busy getting work out we have no time to distribute, and time is lost in picking."

"Why don't you hire somebody to distribute?"

"We ought to, but we don't. You'll have to buy forty more fonts or you'll find yourself getting stuck. A lot of the work you will get at first will be reprint jobs turned out by other offices. Your customers might not like a complete change in type, so you want to get more of the fonts in

common use so you can duplicate some of the lines."

"That's all right, but I've got my own ideas of job composition. If you want to know my opinion, there is too much fancy type used. It's a wonder to me the big Eastern type foundries don't adopt a plainer style. They will one of these days, for there isn't so much fancy type used now as there was ten or fifteen years ago. Now look at the proof of that card I set up before I went to lunch. There isn't a fancy line in it, though there are three fancy lines in the copy. Don't you think mine looks the best?"

"Frankly, I don't. If you're going to adopt that style you're going to have trouble holding your customers."

"I don't know. I am going to educate my customers up to it. All the printers in this town are following the beaten rut. And the rut isn't anything to brag about, either. A compositor ought to be able to originate and not reproduce. One of these days, mark my words, there is going to be a complete change in printing, and you'll see it if you live long enough."

"Look here, Prince, if you were not an amateur printer, but had learned the business properly in an office, you wouldn't talk that way. Of course there will be a change, but it will be gradual. The change will be made by the founders turning out different faces than some of those used now. They won't do that in a hurry. They won't discard any face as long as it sells. It costs a lot of money to get up new matrices for a new series of letter. So you see the change will come on gradually, and customers won't notice any abrupt transition. You seem to want to make a radical change by using only such type in use as suits your fancy. You will find that your customers won't stand for it."

"Oh, I'm not going to scrap with my customers over the matter, but I don't want to load my office up with a lot of fancy faces that wear out quicker than plain ones, and don't look half so effective in my opinion. I may only be an amateur printer, but I've got taste and original ideas, and I think half the work turned out by the best offices in this town will stand a whole lot of improvement."

"If your customers don't want original ideas you'll have to follow what they do want."

"Look at the amateur papers printed by Winterburn. The advertisements are full of fancy type. Look at my paper. There isn't a fancy line in one of the advertisements. I claim my paper looks the best of the bunch. You don't find fancy type in the daily paper advertisements. I think fancy type ought to be kept out of advertisements."

"Most of your work will be job work, and you'll have to stick to the prevailing style if you intend to succeed."

"Well, some of my customers won't kick at whatever I give them, and I'll work off my ideas on them first. At any rate, I've worked one off on you with success."

"How?"

"Let Prince do your printing.' You won't find a duplicate of that in town. You approved of it."

"That's your own trade-mark. It ought to be different from anybody else."

"Take one of my cards along and show it to your father. There isn't a fancy line on it. It's different otherwise, too. 'Prince the printer executes all kinds of job printing with neatness and dispatch.' That covers the whole ground. Why should I call myself a book and job printer when I haven't the plant to turn out a book? Nearly all the small printers call themselves book and job printers because it seems to be the caper. They'd drop dead if any one came in and asked them to figure on a book. I'll bet your shop doesn't print a book once in a coon's age, and it is a pretty fair-sized shop, too."

"We print pamphlets, but no regular books. Well, I must get back. I'll drop in and see you again."

"Come in any time. I'll be glad to see you. I shall take your advice about the two frames, and I'll get the pica and long primer."

"Are you going to continue printing your paper?"

"Yes."

"Then I'd advise you to buy a larger imposing stone and keep this one for job work. Who does the presswork on your paper?"

"Winterburn."

"You won't have far to cart your forms. It's a wonder they held together all the way down from your house."

"They held because they were locked up tight."

That ended the interview, and Price started in to work.

CHAPTER IV.—A Visit from the Enemy.

Prince worked hard setting up the jobs Burrell brought him. He didn't attempt to print any of them. He left that for Harwood to do when he turned up later. He also expected to have a boy in the morning to kick the press. Burrell came in about three. He had several more jobs.

"Got that proof for me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'll take it along and bring it back to-morrow forenoon."

"As you're going near Bush street, will you do me a favor?"

"Yes."

"That small package is going to the Pacific Straw Works. The bill is under it. Collect \$3.50."

"I'll do it," said Pink. "Who do you suppose I met on Montgomery street just now?"

"How should I know?"

"Dave Bunker and Louis Weishammer."

"What did they have to say?"

"Bunker showed me a proof of two pages of Red Hot."

"Then it's coming out?"

"Seems to be. Louis is editor of it. I read some of the editorial remarks. They're pretty rough. You and Harwood catch it strong. So does T. Henry Carr."

"I might expect that."

"Wait till you see a copy of it," and Pink chuckled.

"I'm practically out of amateurdom now."

"You aren't going to resign from the Press Association, are you?"

"No, not right away. Harwood wants me to stick. Still, as I am now a professional printer, I suppose I ought to get out. Bunker and Tinker are sure to raise a howl about my staying in."

"What do you care for them?"

"Nothing."

"I told Bunker and Weishammer you had moved your office downtown."

"What did you do that for?"

"To give them something to think about."

"They have nerve enough to call here, and I don't want them around."

Burrell took the proof and the package and departed. An hour later Harwood appeared.

"How's things?" he said.

"Fine," replied Prince. "I've got fifteen orders through Burrell."

"That's a lot. I've brought you a couple myself. Here's a circular from Popper; proof wanted. One thousand copies on good paper. He asked me the price. I told him I didn't know what it would be, but it might be \$5."

"I think \$4 will cover it," said Prince. "If you want to help me out, get to work on that press. I've advertised for a boy, and expect to have one to-morrow. When does Popper want the circular?"

"Right away. He was just sending it out to his printer when I intercepted it. He said he'd send you his printing after this if you do it good and don't charge too much. I told him that he charged enough for his shirts, and that he shouldn't kick at a fair price. I told him plainly that if he wanted to hold my father's trade, and that of some other people I knew dealt with him, he'd have to patronize you," said Harwood.

"You mustn't try to bulldoze people. It isn't fair to them. Popper already advertises in our paper, and it doesn't do him a whole lot of good."

"How do you know it doesn't? Our paper circulates among the best people in the city. If he gets one order a month from it it will pay him."

"Pink was in here an hour ago, and he said he met Bunker and Weishammer on Montgomery street. Bunker showed him the proofs of two pages of Red Hot. Louis is the editor, and it is full of shots at us, T. Henry, and others that the Bunker clique is down on."

"What do we care what the paper says about us? We've got the best paper on the Slope, and we run it as a paper should be run—for the benefit of our subscribers, and not to air our personal feelings," said Harwood, starting in to work a job off.

"Pink told Bunker and his editor that I had moved my office downtown and was now in the printing business."

"What did he say?"

"Bunker didn't tell me. I am sorry he told them, for they are sure to pay me a visit, and I'm too busy to bother with them."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the door opened and Dave Bunker, a boy with a somewhat unpleasant face, entered, followed

by Louis Weishammer, a small lad, who was employed in a law office in Court Block.

"Prince the Printer! Let Prince do your printing!" grinned Bunker. "So you've gone into the printing business, have you? I thought you were going to be a clerk in the Pacific Coast Steamship Co."

"I didn't know you ever did any thinking, Dave Bunker," said Price, tying up the billhead, he had just set and taking it over to the stone to pull a proof.

"I suppose you think you do all the thinking for the Press Association," Bunker sneered. "So you call this a printing office?"

"What else is it?"

"It's a one-horse fake."

"If you came up here to insult me, you had better go before I throw you out."

"Throw me out! You'd have a scrap on your hands trying to do it."

"You'll go out all right if you don't behave yourself."

"You'd get your partner to help you, I suppose?"

"It wouldn't be necessary."

"Think you can whip me?" said Bunker, aggressively.

"I haven't thought about the matter at all."

"Well, you don't call this a printing office—two stands, a press and a stone. You can't do much business with such an outfit. I suppose you've got ten fonts of job type. That won't go far. If you had a regular plant I might let you get out the second number of Red Hot."

"The first number isn't out yet."

"It's all in type, and it's a hummer. Wait till you see it. Weishammer is editor, and he's written things that will make some of you fellows squirm."

"Look out that you're not arrested for libel."

"Ho! the truth isn't libel, is it, Weishammer?"

"No," said Louis, with a grin.

"Say, Louis, we must get something in about this office," said Bunker.

"The paper is all made up," replied Weishammer.

"Never mind that. We'll cut something out to make room. What shall we say about Prince the Printer? Get out your pencil and write down what I'm going to tell you. Ready?"

"Yes."

"Sidney Prince, the extinguished (he ought to be)—put that in parentheses—president of the P. C. A. P. A., has removed his extensive (?)—put a question mark after that—printing plant from his bedroom at home to No. — Commercial street, where he is now prepared to do a large (?)—question mark—business as a regular printer. His motto is 'Let Prince do your printing.' We had the honor (?)—put in another question mark—of visiting his shop the other day, and found him hard at work trying to set up a job which some unfortunate customer had intrusted him with. The customer has our sympathy!!!—put three exclamation points there. We also discovered that 'Champion Slang Wranger'—quote that—Harry Harwood, on the premises, kicking the solitary—put that in italic—press. the perspiration teeming from his

aristocratic (?)—question mark—brow, As Harry's father is a leading stock broker in this city, we were surprised to see him acting as printer's devil for Prince the Printer. 'Birds of a feather flock together'—quote that. Enough said."

Bunker grinned sardonically at Prince and Harwood.

"How is that for an editorial notice?" he said. "And it won't cost you a cent, will it, Louis?"

"No," chuckled Weishammer.

Prince said nothing. Apparently he had been paying no attention to his enemy, for already he had half of his next job in type. Harwood, however, didn't take the reference to himself so easy. He stopped the press and, walking up to the visitors, said:

"Get out of here, both of you! You're a disgrace to amateurdom, and if I can fix it I'll have you fired out of the association. Get out now!"

"We're going," said Bunker. "Come on, Louis. We'll go down to Winterburn and have that notice put in Red Hot before it goes to press. Good-afternoon, Prince the Printer. We'll have an obituary notice on the shop inserted in our second number, for that's about as long as you'll last. Let Prince do your printing. What a joke! It would make a calf laugh, wouldn't it, Louis?"

"It would," chuckled Weishammer.

Thus speaking, they passed out, highly pleased with themselves.

"Open the windows, Prince; the room ought to be fumigated," said Harwood, returning to the press and resuming his work.

CHAPTER V.—Struggling to Get Ahead.

Half a dozen boys answered Prince's advertisement next morning. One of them was a gentlemanly young fellow who had had considerable experience in small offices, and could make a job ready on a job press. He wanted \$8 a week, which was more than Prince intended to pay, but on reflection he decided that if the lad was as expert as he claimed, he was worth that to him, so he hired him on trial. His name was Dick Hudson. He soon proved that he could hold his end up, and could put the press through its paces when he got going. He could also lock jobs up and was able to set type. Prince and Harwood were satisfied he was an acquisition.

Pink Burrell brought some more work in that day, and returned the proof with a change or two. He also handed Prince the \$3.50 he had collected for him. Things hummed in the office during the rest of the week, and Prince turned out quite a bit of work. He bought the two frames, 25 pounds each of pica and long primer—body type—and a larger imposing stone—one that would easily take on the whole eight pages of his paper, which were locked up in twin chases. This was put in the center of the room and the small one moved further front.

Prince, likewise, bought a dozen more fonts of type, with cases to put them in. Altogether, he expended about \$150 on his office, and it presented a more business-like look. He decided

to partition off a small space across from the door of his office. This, when the partition door was shut, would prevent customers from looking into his little shop and sizing it up. He had a bell above his outer door so that when it opened the bell would jingle and call attention to the visitor. He worked every evening of his first week on account of the rush of orders, and Harwood kept him company, setting type on their paper. So far all the work had been brought to him, but he knew this cheerful state of things would not last. Pink Burrell would soon get tired of canvassing his friends, or would exhaust all who had work to give out right away. Where his friends were fully supplied with printing he left one of Prince's cards. A number of Prince's friends dropped in to see him as soon as they learned he was in the printing business as a steady thing. All of them promised to get him some work, and most of them kept their word when the opportunity offered.

Harwood got quite a number of promises from his father's friends, as the persons supposed from the way he talked that he was a partner in the business. A good many of these were stock brokers on California street, and Prince got their work later on. The address of the public office of the Youth of California was changed from Prince's house to the little shop, and about the middle of the week a copy of Red Hot was delivered there. It certainly was red hot in so far as editorial comments were concerned. It was only gotten out by the Bunker crowd in order to express their sentiments in type. The paragraph Bunker had dictated to Weis-hammer in Prince's office had a prominent place, and it wasn't the only thing said about Prince and Harwood. The chief butt of the Bunker bunch was T. Henry Carr.

T. Henry was a tall, thin, inoffensive-looking boy, who took a great interest in amateur journalism; that is, whenever he could afford to print it. He devoted most of his journalistic energies to writing for other boys' papers. He didn't receive any pay for this work, but that didn't cut any figure with him, as he did it for the pleasure that was in it. In some way he incurred the enmity of the Bunker crowd, and they did their utmost to make life miserable for him. Some of the papers T. Henry generously contributed to abused him at the instigation of Bunker.

As even a worm will turn when driven into a corner, T. Henry decided to vindicate himself in the eyes of the amateur fraternity by getting out another number of his paper, to be mainly devoted to his own defence. Accordingly, one afternoon he appeared at Prince's office with a bundle of manuscript. Sid thought he had brought the next instalment of his serial running in the Youth of California. But he was soon undeceived.

"What will you charge to print me 300 copies of another issue of my paper?" asked T. Henry.

"Same size, type and general style?" said Prince.

"Yes."

Sid fished a copy of the Star of the West out of his bunch of exchanges, made an estimate of the cost, and told T. Henry that seeing it was him, he'd do it for \$10.

"Go ahead and get it out as soon as you can. Here is part of the copy."

He handed over to him a \$5 gold-piece as evidence of good faith. Prince entered the order in his book, and said he would attend to it at once. Thus the Bunker crowd indirectly put a job in Prince's way. As Harwood set up the whole of T. Henry's small paper, and Sid worked it off on his jobber, one page at a time, at night, the young printer made about \$9.50 profit on the job. Harwood was an immense help to Prince, and Pink Burrell, whose orders had fallen away by this time, was always willing to make himself useful when he called around. During the office hours, which were from half-past seven till six, Dick Hudson took full charge of the press, and locked up most of the forms. He also delivered some of the work. It didn't pay Prince to send him out on errands, but he had to do it or go himself.

At the end of the second week Sid began to figure on hiring a job compositor. He wanted to get out and look for work himself. For nearly two weeks he had been confined to his office, working up to ten and often eleven o'clock at night, and that wasn't doing him any good, physically speaking. First-class jobbers came high, such men demanding and getting \$24 a week. Young, capable printers, however, could be got for any figure from \$12 up, according to the demand for their services, in the small offices. Compositors who only worked by the piece, on newspapers and book work, could be got any time down on Clay street. The union price was not less than 60 cents 1,000 ems, but you could get all the "rats" you wanted to work for 50 cents. Prince made himself acquainted with these facts. We regret to say that at this critical stage of his business career he employed a "rat" piece hand when he had an extra amount of "straight matter" to be set.

He had no very clear idea concerning the printers' union, which had not cut much of a figure in the trade since it was beaten to, a standstill in the strike against the Bulletin and Call about three years before, and being a boy really new to the printing business, he may be excused; but later, when success crowned his efforts, he employed only first-class printers, and paid them what the scale called for. At first Prince hired a man for a day, or even half a day, when he was rushed, at 40 cents an hour. Then he hired a young man steady at \$16 a week. That gave him a chance to get out and hustle for work, as well as attend to other matters without leaving the composing department at a standstill. So far he had had more than enough work to keep one compositor busy since he started business, and the press busy, of course.

Some of his jobs were too large to go on his press, and he had to send the presswork out to a Clay street printer. He felt that he needed a larger press to supplement the other, but he could not afford to buy one, though he found he could get such a machine on monthly payments of \$50. He had a running account at his foundry, but he tried to keep it down as low as possible: nevertheless, there was something wanted all the time. Although he had made quite a profit during his first two weeks, his expenses far exceeded his original calcula-

tions, and he began to wonder if there really was any money in the printing business. Had he bought out a fully equipped office he would have seen things differently; but as he had started with only an amateur plant, he had almost everything to buy, and that made all the difference in the world. However, he had grit and ambition and having put his shoulder to the wheel, he was resolved to fight his way to the front. Towards the end of the third week the amateur paper conducted by himself and Harwood went to press. The forms, including the cover, with the paper, were sent to Winterburn's, and the printed sheets were taken by Harwood to his house where he folded them, attached on the cover and mailed the paper to subscribers, and to the publishers of the amateur papers, most of which were in the East. Red Hot, not being regarded with favor by either Prince or Harwood, was not on the exchange list, but Bunker got a copy of the July number of the Youth of California just the same.

He read the item referring to himself, Tinker and Weishammer, and got hopping mad. His feelings were not at all appeased when he read this additional item:

"We have received a copy of the first issue of an amateur paper called Red Hot. It is a disgrace to amateurdom, for the major part of its contents consists of paragraphs villifying the most respectable members of the P. C. A. P. A. When we say that Dave Bunker and Tom Tinker are the publishers, and Louis Weishammer is the editor of this disreputable publication, no one acquainted with the personality of those individuals will expect anything better of them."

Bunker nearly fell off his chair when he read that. He slipped on his hat and went in search of Tinker. The two held a pow-wow and resolved to get square on Prince. At six the next day the young printer locked up his shop and went home. He had just finished his dinner when Harwood came in.

"I've got a job here from my governor that has got to be done to-night. He is willing to pay double price for it. I'll go down with you and help you get it out. Come on," said Harwood.

They connected with a Kearney street car and got off at Commercial. A friend of Harwood's stopped him at the corner, and Prince went on alone, blissfully unconscious that things were happening at his little shop.

CHAPTER VI.—Caught in the Act.

That evening Bunker and Tinker had met by appointment at the corner of Clay and Kearney streets. They proceeded at once to the office of Prince the Printer. Standing on the opposite side of the street, they noted, with satisfaction, that darkness reigned in the little shop.

"We'll pickle him," said Bunker. "The idea of his calling our paper a disgrace to amateurdom."

"And he said you and I and Weishammer ought to be thrown out of the P. C. A. P. A. He

ought to be thrown out himself, he and Harwood, both of them," said Tinker.

"That's right. Harwood puts on too many frills to suit me. He thinks he's the whole association because his father is rich."

"Maybe his old man isn't so rich as he makes out to be. We all thought that Prince's old man was rich, but after he died, see how Prince has come down. Some people are all bluff and wind."

"Well, let's get down to business. Prince the Printer won't do much printing for a while after we get through. We'll put his office on the hog."

"He'll be crazy when he opens up in the morning and finds all his type mixed up on the floor. It will be as good as a show to see him dancing around and tearing his hair," sneaked Tinker.

They crossed the street and entered the building, the street door of which was always open. Walking upstairs, Bunker produced a skeleton key and soon opened the common lock. They walked in, leaving the door as it was.

"We'll need a light," said Bunker, striking a match.

"There's a lamp up there against the wall," said his companion.

Bunker lit it and they looked around.

"Hello, he's got three more frames and a new stone. Probably he has some new type. So much the better. It will make a bigger pile."

"Where will we begin?" said his pal.

"At that frame under the lamp. Hand me the cases one by one and I'll make a nice pile of their contents."

"Here you are," said Tinker, yanking out a case of job letter and passing it to his companion.

Bunker dumped its contents on the floor.

"What are you doing, you rascals?" cried Prince rushing into the office with uplifted mallet.

Bunker and Tinker were taken completely by surprise. They had not looked for Prince to turn up at his office that evening. The former ducked to escape the mallet, dropped the case, and made for the door, making his escape. Tinker was not so fortunate. Prince nabbed him and held him tight.

"What do you fellows mean by breaking into my office and starting to wreck it?" he demanded.

"We were only going to pick one case of type to get square with you for what you said about us and Weishammer in your paper," protested Tinker.

"Only one case, eh? You know that's a lie, for you were in the act of pulling out a second case when I caught you both."

"I only pulled it out to see what kind of type you had in it."

"How did you get in the office?"

"We walked in."

"But you unlocked the door first. Well, you and Bunker have got yourselves in a nice fix. I'm going to take you to the station-house and get you locked up. A policeman will hunt Bunker up and put him in a cell, too. If you think I'm going to stand for this kind of business you'll learn your mistake," said Prince, in a tone that showed he meant business.

Tinker was scared, for he began to realize he had put his foot in it.

"It's Bunker's fault," he said, in a whining tone.

"It's as much your fault as his. You came in here of your own free will. It is fortunate for me that I was obliged to come down here to-night or you fellows would have ruined my office, for that is what you were starting in to do."

"We didn't intend to do much harm. Just get back at you for what you said about us."

"And what did you and your crowd say about me, and Harwood, and the others boys in the Press Association in your Red Hot? That doesn't count, I suppose. You and Bunker think you can do as you please and the aggrieved persons should not attempt to retaliate. As long as you chaps confined your nasty business to your paper, and to those others papers whose owners were silly enough to let you use their columns, you were safe enough, but when you start in breaking the law to get a mean revenge, you make the mistake of your lives."

"Oh, I say, you aren't going to have me arrested?" said Tinker.

At that moment Harwood came in. He saw the job font pied on the floor, and its case lying near, and Tinker in Prince's grasp.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

Prince explained the situation.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" exclaimed Harwood. "So they were going to pi all your type and put you in an awful hole. They ought to be put through for it. It is just sheer luck that sent you down here this evening. If it hadn't been for that job you wouldn't have come, and in the morning you would have found your office out of business, and probably had no clue to the dastardly perpetrators. If I were in your shoes, Prince, I'd teach Bunker and Tinker a lesson they wouldn't forget in a hurry."

"Hold this chap here while I go to the City Hall and lodge a complaint against him and Bunker," said Prince.

"All right," said Harwood.

Tinker caved in like the coward he was. He blamed everything on Bunker, insisting that he wouldn't have come only his partner had made him, and begged Prince not to have him arrested. The young printer was inexorable. It wasn't so much what had actually happened that angered him as what would have happened had he not appeared in time to prevent it. All of the past conduct of Bunker and his crowd rose before his mental vision and steeled his purpose. Tinker flumped down on his knees and begged to be let off, but Prince was not in a forgiving mood. He started right off for the City Hall to enter his complaint. He went around to Washington street and walked in at the little alleyway which led to the back door of the city prison. The only persons he saw were a couple of policemen who looked at him inquiringly.

Passing into the building, he found himself in a flagged hall. It was only a few steps to the room where the police department was located. Prince told his story to the officer on duty. He was told to go and swear out a warrant against the two boys.

"I haven't any time to hunt up a judge," he said. "Is Chief Crowley in the building?"

"He's in his office."

Prince explained his errand to the officer who stood on duty in front of the chief's office, and was permitted to enter. It was a small office divided by a railing. On the inner side a man with a star on his coat sat reading an afternoon paper under a green shaded lamp. This was the chief. Prince's father and Chief Crowley had been friends, so when the lad introduced himself the officer invited him inside. The young printer told his story, and the chief immediately ordered an officer to go around to the little shop and arrest Tinker. Another officer was sent to find Bunker. Prince went with the first policeman. Hiding in an opposite doorway, Bunker saw the officer with Prince, and he knew what was doing to happen. He also knew that he, too, would be arrested for his part in the affair. As soon as Prince and the officer disappeared into the building, Bunker ran down the street as fast as he could.

Tinker collapsed when he saw the policeman. He fell on his knees and cried for mercy. Prince had none, so he was led away to the city prison and locked up. The young printer then got busy on the special job, while Harwood swept up the pied job font and began distributing it back into the case. Luckily it was large type known in those days as great primer, and by the time Sid had finished setting up the job, and had it on the press, Harwood had most of it back in the case. The job was to be printed on calendered paper, and Prince had a ream of it, size 22 by 28. It had to be cut to size, and Sid had only a small hand paper cutter to do it with. As this was not large enough to cut a sheet 22 inches wide, Prince had to cut what he wanted down to 14 inches, half the longest way, first, with a pen-knife, and then put it through the cutter. The job was done about eleven. As Harwood had to take it home with him, the printed steets were inserted as they came off the press with slips of cheap news, to prevent off-setting. This was easy, as only 100 copies had been ordered. Prince then locked up and the boys took a car for home.

Next morning Prince proceeded to the city hall accompanied by Harwood. In a short time Tinker was called to the bar. After the case had been gone over, Tinker was held for the Grand Jury. Prince now bought a good 10x15 press cheap from a printer who was going out of business, and also several frames. In the meantime Bunker had been arrested and was held over for the Grand Jury. Both Tinker and Bunker's fathers called to try and settle the case out of court, but Prince would not have it at first, but when the two fathers pleaded so hard for leniency Prince gave in and had the charge against the boys dismissed.

CHAPTER VII.—A Rush Job.

At a regular meeting of the Pacific Coast Press Association, Bunker and Tinker were expelled from membership, and the copy of Red Hot which had been filed in the reading-room was thrown out. Louis Weishammer did not

attempt to defend his two friends. He knew better than to do so. In fact, he joined in with the majority and voted for the expulsion of those he had lately acted as editor for. Nothing appeared in the amateur press concerning Bunker and Tinker's descent upon the office of Prince the printer. Even the youngest editor had the good taste to avoid the subject. Everybody was acquainted with the facts, so it was unnecessary to mention them. In the meantime the little print shop was flourishing. Prince had all the work he could handle with his present force.

"I think we can afford to enlarge the paper to twelve pages," said Harwood. "It will only cost \$25 more, and it will give you a little more profit."

"Make it sixteen and omit the cover, putting the advertisements all in with the reading matter. The advertisers will like that better, for there will be more chance of their advertisements being read."

"If we run the paper next year we'll widen the column from twelve to thirteen ems and make the columns an inch longer."

"That would cause considerable initial expense in column rules, leads, new heading, not to speak of resetting all the standing advertisements and other matter."

"What's the difference? It would add to your office profit and give us room for more than a page of additional reading matter, and fourteen inches of advertising space at \$1 an inch. It would pay well all round."

"I guess it would. It wouldn't cost any more for presswork and very little more for paper. It might even be better to make a large eight-page paper if we are going to make the change."

As Prince's largest imposing stone would only take on eight pages of the paper, he had to prepare it for the press in two sections of eight, comprising an inner form of the second, third, sixth, seventh, tenth, eleventh, fourteenth and fifteenth pages and an outer form of the others. The pair of twin chases he used at present belonged to Winterburn, who had loaned them to him. He went down to that office and tried to exchange them for a pair big enough to take in eight pages each. Winterburn, however, didn't care to loan such chases indefinitely, so he told Prince to use those he had.

"Send down your inside or outside eight first and I'll print it," he said. "When the forms are returned to you, lock up the other eight and send them down. I'll charge you \$5 for both forms. That's only half a dollar more than you are paying now with the cover form."

"All right," said Prince.

He arranged with Harwood to have the inner form printed first, as the latest matter was inserted on the eight and ninth pages. In changing the position of the advertisements from the cover to the last seven pages, locking up two forms of eight, and tying up the first eight when returned to make way for the second eight, together with the make-up of the sixteen, Prince accumulated a nice little time bill against the paper at \$1 a hour, so that after the September number was printed in its changed form he gathered a profit of \$40. He might have charged more, as he personally did all the paper work

at night, but he didn't, for on the same ratio, Harwood, who set a considerable part of the type at night, would have been entitled to 75 cents per 1,000 ems instead of the 50 cents he received according to agreement.

When Harwood went around collecting after each issue, he canvassed the advertisers for printing, and got quite a number of orders for his chum. Pink Burrell occasionally fetched in an order, and Prince received many orders direct from the customers Pink had previously got for him. Prince allowed him his commission—anything he traced to his influence. Burrell was something of a sporty lad and had many acquaintances among the horsemen. Races were held at the fair grounds in Sacramento, also at Stockton and San Jose, and during the last week in August the Bay District Agricultural Association held a meet at the race track on the Cliff House road in San Francisco. Pink attended all the races when he could, and was deeply interested in them. As he had special facilities for getting racing news, he decided to issue a daily sporting sheet during the August race meet, and called on Prince to give him the job.

"I am going to get out a small daily about the size of four pages of your monthly. I want an estimate on it," he said.

"What type are you going to use?"

"Mostly the small kind you use on your paper."

"You mean nonpareil?"

"Yes. The first issue will be mostly in brevier."

"How many copies and what kind of paper?"

"Same kind of paper as you use, and 1,000 copies."

"Will you have any advertisements in the first issue?"

"Sure I will. Do you think I am getting this out for fun?"

"It would be rather expensive fun. I can't figure exactly what it will cost you to a cent, but you can calculate that the first issue will cost you about \$20, and the subsequent ones, if set practically wholly in nonpareil, will cost you not less than \$25. If you get many advertisements it will cost you less if they run through the week."

"I expect to have four or five columns of advertisements."

"I will charge you 80 cents per 1,000 ems for setting them, and five cents per 1,000 ems a day for keeping them standing."

"You won't have three pages to set after the first issue."

"Well, you can figure that every column of nonpareil set will cost you \$2. You will have twelve columns in the paper. No deduction will be made for the head of the paper, or for the small inside heading, so you had better make them small. A column of advertisements, standing, will cost you 15 cents, two columns a quarter, three, 40 cents, and four a dollar, their actual measurement being 2,500 ems. A column of brevier will cost you \$1.50 to set. Say that your paper will run after the first issue as follows: Seven columns of nonpareil, one of brevier, to be set, and four columns of standing advertisements, then the whole job will cost you \$19 each issue."

"I'll give you the order. I'll use four pages of your paper to canvass for advertisements."

"If you want to lay out a couple of dollars extra I'll get you a regular dummy, with the heading at top of first page, column rules and running headings on the other three pages."

"All right. That would be fine."

"What name will you call it?"

"The Racing Calendar, published under the authority of the Bay District Agricultural Association."

"Come in to-morrow morning and I'll have half a dozen dummies ready for you. Write out the usual notice for the head of the second page. Make it short; say 'The Racing Calendar, published under authority of the B. D. A. Ass'n,' with date line. Going to sell the paper?"

"Yes and no."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It will be delivered to subscribers for fifty cents for the race week. A dozen will be given daily to each advertiser, and the rest will be circulated free. I've canvassed for it already. I've got fifty saloon-keepers to take it, and over fifty horsemen have agreed to subscribe. I expect to sell over 300. You will have to get a couple of fast compositors, for you will get the bulk of the copy in two batches—one I'll send in by a boy at the second heat of the race, and I'll ride in myself with the rest as soon as the race is over. Most of your work will have to be done after three o'clock, and it will be a case of hustle to get the paper out for immediate delivery. I want to get the papers in the saloons by seven at any rate."

"I'll have to buy fifty pounds more of nonpareil and a pair of cases, for I've only one case of the type now."

"How much will that cost you?"

"About \$30."

"It will eat up your profit on the job, won't it?"

"Yes, but I'll have the type. It will come in handy later on. I can use the column rules of the Youth and the leads I use on that paper. I'll borrow the type for the name of your paper. Now as it's a question of rush, you must let me have all the copy for the first and last pages before you go to the track. I will arrange with Francis & Valentine for a press at six each night for the week, for I can't print it on my big jobber, except one page at a time, and it would take too long. The form will be called for and returned. I'll probably have to divide the nonpareil into three pairs of cases, for two men would hardly be able to get it up in time. I'll hire two men and work Davis for the third, unless I have too much job work on hand, and I'll look after the reading and make-up myself."

"I'll do all I can to help you rush it out. I'm going to have six boys to deliver the papers."

"Have them down at the pressroom, then, and as soon as the 500 sheets are run off and the pressman starts to back them up, and they come out cut, I'll help you fold them and you can rush them out to the boys in lots to suit," said Prince.

Pink nodded and soon afterward went away. Prince borrowed the type for the head of the sporting sheet when he went to lunch. Then

he got up the dummy and printed it that evening. Burrell came after it next morning and started out to get advertisements on it. Late that afternoon he brought in ten-inch and two-inch advertisements.

"I'm taking all my advertisements for the week, so there will be no change," he said.

Next morning he brought in a dozen half-inch stable advertisements to be set in nonpareil, without display, save an initial letter at the beginning. Prince ordered a 50-pound font of nonpareil at his foundry that morning. All type sold on the Slope was cast in the East, the two foundries in San Francisco being merely sales agents. The type was laid in a pair of cases at the foundry and sent up to the little shop. That gave Prince 100 pounds of nonpareil, enough for the work to be done. He got another pair of cases, and that evening transferred about half of the new font to it, thus providing him with three pair of nonpareil cases. During the rest of the week Pink Burrell hustled for advertisements and got all he wanted, about five columns. There was no getting away from the fact that when Pink got down to business he could do things. He got out his first paper on Saturday, in advance of the race week. It contained the programme of the race week, and local news culled from the morning papers, and such Eastern racing news as was obtainable.

He had the advertisement of each of the theaters, and also gave them a few lines under the second page heading. The paper was printed and distributed early, as there was nothing to hold it back. Most of it was set in nonpareil, as Pink didn't mind the small extra cost. Pink got about seventy-five saloon-keepers to subscribe for the seven issues, cash in advance, and he got 200 sporting men to take it, too. The paper was delivered free to all the hotels, and to a great many places that didn't pay for it, for he had to circulate 1,000 according to agreement. The next week was a mighty busy one for the little shop; that is, every afternoon. As soon as the copy came in it was rushed up, proved in sections, read, corrected and dumped into the form. The first page and one column of the fourth between the advertisements consisted of local news and clippings, set in brevier, and were set up in the morning.

The rush began when the messenger arrived from the track at about three with the first instalment of racing news. It was in type and in the form when Pink dashed in himself with the balance. Then things hummed. Prince saw to it that the form went to the pressroom on the stroke of six, when the little shop closed for the day, and fifteen minutes later it was on the press. A little before seven the first boy started to deliver his armful. This programme was maintained right along, and Prince proved he was a real printer all right.

CHAPTER VIII.—"The Strangers' Guide."

Prince had now been ten weeks in business, and he was doing a very fair business, better than many of the other little shops of about the same size. The excitement attending the print-

ing of a little afternoon daily was exhilarating to Sid, and he felt sorry when it came to a finish at the end of the week. It had cost him about \$30 for type and sorts, but he cleared it and had the type and cases to use when needed. A hundred pounds of nonpareil was considerable, however, for a little shop that mainly turned out cards, billheads and circulars. Our young printer did not care to have it lying idle if he could avoid it. He wondered if he and Pink couldn't get out an afternoon sheet of some kind that would pay. He called Burrell into consultation. As Pink had made a bunch of money off the Racing Calendar, he lent a willing ear.

"I've got a scheme," said Pink, eagerly.

"Let's hear it," said Prince.

"How big a sheet will your large press print?"

"The base is 10 by 15 inches, but allowances must be made for locking up."

"You could lock up a page 8 by 12, couldn't you?"

"Yes. That is about all it would take. It would be a pretty solid form for a jobber."

"My idea is to get out a daily sheet called 'The strangers' Guide,' or something like that. Have four narrow columns and fill at least two of them with advertisements. Then keep a standing list of the theaters with their attractions, hotels with their daily arrivals, post-office, mint and places of interest to strangers, the railroad time-tables, also a few lines about the ferries and the steamboats, together with other similar information. That would fill a third column, and the fourth could be devoted to local news taken from the dailies. Set the information in the nonpareil you have a supply of, and the news in brevier. Circulate it free in saloons, hotels, etc., and in the morning among the wholesale houses. I think it would pay. I'll get the advertisements and you do the rest. Charge the work up against us as customers of the shop, and we'll divide the profit weekly," said Pink.

"Not a bad scheme. I'll consider it," said Prince. "In the meantime, look the ground over, Pink, and see how it is likely to take."

The result of the confab was that the sheet was started. Five hundred copies were printed daily and distributed by two boys hired steady to deliver it mornings before they went to school. Prince paid his pressman \$1.50 extra to come to work at seven and run it off. Harwood edited the news column for nothing, and sometimes set it up, but not for nothing. It was set in leaded brevier eleven picas wide. Pink got two columns of eleven inches long, making twenty-two inches of advertisements at \$2 an inch for six issues, no advertisement taken for less than a week. He also got a number of two and three-line reading notices, for which he charged 35 cents a line for six insertions. They were set in nonpareil and sandwiched in where they were expected to do the most good. The little shop charged \$10, which included 50 cents for paper, for printing the first issue, and about \$5 for the subsequent issues. Prince made about \$2.50 profit a day on the printing. The profit to the publishers was about \$20 a week. As Pink went around to the hotels and collected the arrivals up to eleven at night, he got two-thirds of the profit, and Sid the other third, which added to

the profit on the printing brought him in about \$23 a week. All Prince was afraid of was that Pink would get tired of hustling and quit, in which case he intended to run the enterprise himself. Pink, instead of getting tired, seemed to enjoy the work. He didn't need the money particularly, as his father was well off, having a large stock farm where he bred racers. Pink was a natural canvasser. He could talk a man into advertising in anything, and he soon discovered how easy it was to do it. He had an argument with Prince about it one day, and to prove his point he went to a hotel where Eastern railroad time-tables were kept, pulled six out of the case and showed them to Sid.

"That time-table was printed in the East just as you see it. There are two Eastern advertisements on it with a vacancy between them for some reason, probably the space wasn't sold. Well, I'll go to a complete stranger and sell that space for \$5. I'll bring the copy here and you will print it on those six copies. I'll take the six copies to the man and collect the \$5. Don't you believe I can do it?"

"You might, but I doubt it."

"Bet you the price of the printing I'll do it," said Pink.

"I'll take you. If you succeed I'll agree that you deserve a medal for nerve."

"I've got the finest nerve in the world. I didn't know it till I took to canvassing for advertisements. Now it's fun for me to catch the easy marks," grinned Pink.

He left the shop, but inside of thirty minutes was back again with a written contract for the insertion of the advertisement of Yu Yuen, Ching Lee & Co., importers of fine teas, on Commercial street, between Kearney and Dupont, about one block above the little print shop.

"Read that. I've won the bet. There's the copy. Get it out for me and I'll collect the five dollars," said Pink, gleefully.

"It's a shame to swindle that firm out of the five dollars. What good will the advertisement do them?"

"No good. It's a roast. I only did it to prove to you that I could do it—take an advertisement on anything."

"I'll admit that you are equal to your statement, but I'd rather pay you the cost of my work than print it under the circumstances. It isn't a square deal, and I won't have a hand in it. I'll pay you the value of the bet, \$1.50, and you must go back and tell the firm that the space has been sold. Tell them you will give them a ninch in our Guide for three weeks for the same amount. Also hand them one of my business cards, and tell them I'm close by, and that any order for printing they send in will be executed with neatness and dispatch."

"All right," said Pink and off he went.

He came back with a contract for \$8, covering a month's insertion of the Chinese firm's advertisement in the Guide.

"Here's a dollar and a half," said Prince.

"I don't want it. The bet is off. I was gambling on a sure thing, for I knew I could catch an advertisement for that space from somebody."

"I thought Harwood was good at getting ad-

vertisements, but then he gets them mostly from his friends, while you can get them from anybody."

At that moment a lady, a stranger to Prince, entered the office. She was very good looking and handsomely attired.

"I would like to see Mr. Prince," she said, after Sid had offered her a chair and Pink had vanished into the printing room.

"That's my name, ma'am," said the owner of the little shop.

"My name is Mrs. Brown. I have written several plays, and one of them has been accepted by Messrs. Barrett & McCullough for production at the California Theater. It was suggested that I have a dozen or two copies printed. I did not know of a printer, so I inquired of the librarian of the Mercantile Library, and he handed me your card. Here is the manuscript. Will you estimate on it?"

"Yes, ma'am, with pleasure. Shall I send it to you by mail or will you come back in an hour?"

"You may send it. Here is my card. When shall I expect it?"

"By the first morning mail. Will this type suit you?" and Prince showed her a sample of his brevier. I have a larger size of the same type, but not enough to set more than two or three pages. As all the play 'business' is set in italic, and there is considerable of it through your manuscript, the price will be a little higher than ordinary book composition."

"All the play books I have seen are set in the type like this sample, so I guess it will do," said the lady.

"You wish it set in the same general style as one of French's printed plays, then?"

"Yes."

"I have one of them here, and I'll tell you in two minutes how much it will cost you per printed page. It will take a little time to figure out how many pages your manuscript will make. Roughly speaking, as there are five acts in your play, I should think about fifty."

Prince found that a page of the play book he had measured 1,500 ems brevier.

"It will cost you \$1.20, plus 15 cents extra on account of so much italic. That's \$1.35 a page. The entire composition will cost you between \$60 and \$75. The paper is a very small item. The presswork will be \$12 to \$15, and it wouldn't cost you any more to have 100 copies printed, nor much more for 500 copies. The main cost is the putting of your manuscript in type. To do that, in order to get only two dozen copies is an expensive proceeding; but as long as you must have it printed, of course, you must pay for the labor involved. I would advise you to have 100 copies, anyway, for it won't cost you any more."

"You think \$85 or \$90 would cover the entire cost?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll guarantee to print fifty pages, 100 copies, good paper, for \$72. The binding will cost you about \$1 more, and the cover \$2. That will be \$75. For each additional page, I'll charge you \$1.60. If it makes less than 50 pages I'll deduct \$1.50. You can take that as the estimate."

"That is satisfactory. I'll give you the work. Can you go right ahead on it?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll show you the proofs of each act, as I haven't type enough to set the entire book up. Will that suit you?"

"Yes."

"I'll send you the proofs of the first act day after to morrow. Return them as soon as you can. All alterations will be charged at the rate of \$1 an hour. Don't forget that. A small addition and cut-out made in the middle of a long paragraph is more expensive than it looks, for it takes time to make it in the type, as lines have to be overrun in which there may be no changes."

"I'll remember," said she, as she rose to leave.

Nearly all of Prince's brevier was already set up in the Youth of California and as it was not possible for him to get the first form to press at once, he had to order a 50-pound font of additional letter, with two fonts of italic, in order to to get to work on the lady's order. However, as the Youth was a fixture, he felt that he needed the type anyway, particularly as he and Harwood intended to issue a double Christmas number; that is, 32 pages, in a large edition, and put it out on the news-stands for general sale. Accordingly, he ordered the type, received it next day and hired a compositor to set the play up.

The manuscript of the play was received by Prince and the first act set up and proofs sent to Mrs. Brown. When it was returned the corrections were quite heavy, but Mrs. Brown said she would be responsible for the cost of making changes, and also promised to write a short story for the Christmas number of the Youth. The play was printed in due time and Prince received his money for it. The Christmas number of the Youth was now started and the Guide was still running. The Christmas number of Youth taxed the resources of the little print shop severely, but it was turned out in good shape. The little shop had now existed six months and was doing fine.

CHAPTER IX.—Printing a Book of Poems.

Prince drew a breadth of relief when the last forms of the Christmas Youth left his shop for the pressroom. A 32-page paper, even though the pages were only 8 by 12, was a heavy tax on a little shop flooded with Christmas job work, not to speak of the daily Guide.

Dead matter stood around everywhere, in spite of the fact that Prince had hired a boy at \$12 to do nothing but distribute job type, sort leads and clear away generally. As fast as a job came off the press it was tied up and shoved aside, marked "dead," usually. The three jobbers often ran out of sorts of a particular face and had to pick, which was a loss of time. The presses were run every night except Saturday up to half-past ten. It was wearing on the legs to kick a press all day steadily, and into the evening, too, particularly as that kind of exercise was going out of fashion, and feeders were hard to get to do it. Prince realized that he must move to a place where he could get steam power. He would have to have it when the time was ripe for a cylinder press. Besides, more presswork

could be turned off with power. He was grateful to Dick Hudson, his first employee, for sticking to him through the gruelling work of the last few weeks, and promised him a raise to \$12 on the first of the year. Some days Hudson had hustled from seven in the morning till eleven at night. For this he was now paid \$1.50 for the extra half hour in the morning, and 25 cents an hour overtime evenings.

The day before Christmas Prince found an office with steam power that would be vacant in a month or two, but there was no certainty about it. It was on Clay street, below Montgomery, in the heart of the printing district. He agreed to take it when he could get it, and paid a deposit on it. On Christmas afternoon Harwood came over to his house to see him about continuing the Youth.

"Amateurdom has gone up the flume," said Hal, "and if we are going to continue the paper, it must be as a regular monthly. All our subscriptions have expired. Of course, I can scare up 100 to start the second volume with, but we must figure on the sales at news-stands after this. It is impossible to say whether a juvenile monthly paper will take as a business venture. We have no line yet on the sales of the Christmas issue, and even if we had it would be no guide, for it is a 32-page sheet, and we can't afford to run so many pages as a regular thing. To supply the trade we have to send out about 3,000 copies. They will be billed to the news company at six and a half cents, or \$65 per 1,000. That looks very well on paper, but suppose 2,000 are returned? Look at the waste of paper and press-work even on a 16-page paper. We would have to make the pages larger, too, equal to at least 24 pages of the present size, or the public would think they were not getting their money's worth. You've got to put up a front these days, even if it's only a good bluff. I can get all the old advertisers to stay, or most of them, and Pink will get us new ones. He filled two full pages of the Christmas issue, and said he could have got more if we'd have taken them."

"Well, Harwood, I'll have to do some thinking on the subject. I'd hate to have the paper stop, for it's a source of revenue to the little shop, and everything counts. You have collected on the Christmas advertisements, and without considering the returns from the news company we have a bunch of money to divide. That reminds me I owe you \$200, and \$18 interest. I'll pay you the interest next week and ask you to renew the note. I'm going to move the little shop shortly and put in one more press. If I could afford it I'd buy a cylinder. One of those fast ponies for general jobbing would come in handy. If I could find a second-hand one for sale cheap I'd try to get it as soon as I moved. Pink wants to enlarge the size of the Guide, for he says he can get twice as much advertising for it. It has gone fine since we started it. A pony cylinder would take it on in larger form."

"We won't make any division of our paper profits until a decision has been reached as to its future, if it is to have any. If we go on we'll need the money. If we don't we'll close out."

That ended the discussion, and soon afterward Harwood went away. Next day Pink

brought up the question again about the enlargement of the Guide. Under existing conditions if it was enlarged it would have to be sent out to be printed.

"We've got to widen the columns, for some of the advertisers want larger display type used in the cards, and you can't do that now. Make the columns the regular newspaper size, and lengthen the sheet in proportion. You'll have to reset everything, but you can charge it against the Guide. It will give me a chance to get some more advertisements, and we can put more standing information in it. The additional local news we print daily won't cost much more, and we'll shorten them by filling a part of the space with advertisements," said Pink. Accordingly, the change was made, and on the first of the new year the Guide came out in its enlarged and improved form. The list of hotel arrivals were now put in brevier, which was an advantage. The orders for printing dropped away some after the holidays, and the regular compositor, with a \$9 assistant, were able to handle the business, with some help from Prince.

After due consideration, it was decided to get the Youth out as an 8-page publication, and print 1,500 copies until they found out how it would sell. Two continued stories were to be printed, and these were clipped out of an English boy's weekly which had a large circulation in Britain. The short stories were got from the same source, but small prizes were offered for original ones from young people. A woman canvasser was hired to make a house-to-house canvass for subscriptions, and public school boys were induced to boom the paper among their schoolmates. The firm of Harwood & Prince had \$900 in the treasury to push the experiment with, which, in any case, would give the little shop work that was fairly profitable. Pink was enlisted as an advertising canvasser on a 25 per cent. commission basis, and Harwood retained most of his own advertisements. When the second issue came out, the paper had a subscription list of 600. As each subscription cost a quarter to get, and 12 cents to deliver, the twelve numbers through the post-office, they netted the publishers 73 cents each. About half of the copies distributed by the news company were sold, the returns averaging \$30. That put it up to the advertisers to pay most of the expense, and enough space was sold at ten cents a line to clear the cost and leave a profit, so the paper went on, and Prince made his printing profit out of it as a job. With the coming of February the job work picked up, and Prince hired another compositor. He also secured a regular canvasser to secure work for the shop. About this time a lady called on Prince with a note of introduction from Mrs. Brown, whose play was about to be produced. The visitor's name was Sedgley. She was an authoress, chiefly in the poetic line. Many of her poems had appeared in the Golden Era, but she wasn't paid for them, as the Era wasn't in the habit of paying for anything, as it was cheaper for the editor to use a pair of scissors. Miss Sedgwick, having accumulated a number of printed poems, and a larger number of verses which had been declined with thanks, decided to inflict the bunch upon the public in book form at

her own expense, as she could not find anybody in the publishing line willing to assume the risk. Mrs. Brown referred her to the little shop, and told her that Prince would do the right thing by her.

"I wish to get out a book of about 100 pages," she said, "on thick, shiny paper, with a cloth cover. Mrs. Brown told me how much it would cost."

"Yes, ma'am. I will give you an estimate. How many copies will you have printed?"

"I think about 500. I intend to charge \$1 each for them."

Prince thought it doubtful if she could sell even 100 at that price, but it was not his place to hint such a thing. It was his business to get the job and execute it. After finding out that the size of the book was to be 16mo, he sent his boy to the nearest binder to get a figure on that part of the work, and when he got back the young printer told his visitor what the book would cost, about \$200. He got the job, and copy came in next day. As it was a "fat" job he had the composition done on time. He printed it four pages at a time on his big press, and turned it into the binders, who did their part all right.

The books were delivered at Miss Sedgwick's house. She paid Prince's bill without a murmur. The young printer then bought a copy of her at the full price, and got Harwood and Pink Burrell to take a copy each.

CHAPTER X.—Prince Saves a Nice Young Lady.

March came around and still the little shop remained in the same place, for Prince couldn't get possession of his new quarters yet. The Guide was going fine in its new shape, and it put \$30 a week into Prince's pocket, and about \$20 into Pink's. Pink, having got acquainted with the captain of the Emmet Guard, which was going to give a ball at Platt's Hall on the 17th, worked him for the printing for the little shop, on which he got his 10 per cent. commission. The Meagher Guard was to give its ball at Howard Hall, and Pink managed to get its printing, too. Pink likewise, secured the printing of a third military organization that had hired Turn Verein Hall. The Emmet's printing bore a green flag as a prominent feature, the Meagher's the Harp of Erin, and the third carried a four-leaved shamrock. Prince turned the job out in good shape. The dance programmes, being very similar on the two inside pages, was a cinch. Pink, however, had other designs on the three companies. He had Prince set up Emmet's dying speech and print a dummy sheet on good paper, with spaces marked off all around it. This was headed: "Presented to the Ladies with the Compliments of the Emmet Guard." A similar dummy was prepared with the abbreviated poem of "Shamus O'Brien" in place of Emmet's speech, and headed: "With the Compliments of the Meagher Guard." A third dummy, with the song of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the compliments of the other organization, was printed. Taking the three, Pink called upon Irish store-keepers and a few saloons, and sold the spaces in the

three cards to the same people for \$5. He got \$100 worth of advertising, and Prince printed the three, 1,000 copies each, one after the other, for something less than \$20, including the paper. Pink did the three orders nicely up in green tissue paper, inside three green boxes, and sent them with his regards to the captains of each company. The captains took it as a compliment, overlooking the advertising feature altogether, on which Pink reaped \$80 profit, and the speech, poem and song were duly circulated on the ball night. Not only that, but at the next meeting of the three organizations a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Pink, and he received three notes to that effect, which he exhibited to Prince in great glee.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "that was the softest snap I ever had. Eighty dollars profit, and I am thanked for earning it. I wish the 17th of March fell every month. Wait till they have their annual picnics this summer; I'll work something else off."

At that moment Harwood came in, and Pink told him:

"I've got some work for you, Prince," said Harwood.

"Let's have it."

"Tickets for the next entertainment and ball of the Florence Dramatic Club, with programmes and dance orders to follow."

Prince entered the order. A few days afterward Prince was approaching the corner of California and Montgomery when he noticed a pretty, stylishly-dressed girl ahead of him. As she started to cross the former street a hack suddenly rushed down upon her. The driver saw her in time to turn out, but not being strictly sober, his efforts to avoid her increased her peril. Several persons shouted at her to jump. She became excited and confused, and stood stock still. She would have been knocked down and run over but for Prince, who leaped forward, seized and swung her out of the way of the horses and vehicle.

"You saved my life," fluttered the girl when he landed her on the sidewalk. I am very grateful to you."

"You're welcome, miss," said Prince. "Shall I see you across the street?"

"If you will be so kind. It was very good of you to save me," she said, as they started across.

"That's all right. Glad to have rendered you a service."

"You will tell me your name, won't you?"

"Sidney Prince."

"Thank you. Mine is Claire Fields. I was on the way to my father's office, and I didn't notice the hack in time to avoid it."

"Where is your father's office?"

"On this block, No——"

"I'll see you there, for I am calling on a broker next door."

"Are you connected with the brokerage business?"

"No. I am a printer. Here's my business card," and he handed her one.

"Prince the Printer," she read. "Dear me, are you really a printer?"

"Yes, Miss Fields."

"I've never been in a printing office in my life."

"Then I hope you will call and see me at my little shop."

"Is it little?" she said, with a smile.

"Well, it is not very big."

"What do you print there?"

"Everything from a visiting card to a 8-page monthly paper."

"I should think it was an interesting business."

"It is. I started in nine months ago with a small amateur plant I had at my house, and now I have a regular office and lots of business."

"You must be quite smart."

"I am ambitious to get ahead, and I am not to go to sleep over my work. To build up any kind of business requires application and hustle."

"I will call at your office some day soon. My father's office is in this building. Won't you come in and let me make you acquainted with him?"

As Prince never let a chance get away from him that led even indirectly toward a new customer, he consented to accompany Miss Fields. Mr. Fields was a mining operator, and was interested in several of the silver mines on the Comstock lode, in Western Nevada. He was a fine looking gentleman of average build, scrupulously well attired. Miss Claire, ascertaining that he was in his private room, walked in there, accompanied by Prince.

"Papa," she said, "this is Sidney Prince. He saved my life a few minutes ago, and I want you to know him."

"Saved your life!" exclaimed her father.

"Yes. I was crossing this street at the corner above when a hack came right down on me. I was so frightened that I stopped where I was and couldn't get out of the way. I would have been run over if Mr. Prince hadn't seized and swung me out of the way of the vehicle."

"Young man, I am everlastingly obliged to you for the service you rendered my daughter. If I can return the favor in any way, command me," said Mr. Fields.

"You are welcome, sir. I did not do more than my duty under the circumstances," replied Prince.

Prince remained about ten minutes, and then said he must go.

"Where are you employed, young man?" asked Mr. Fields.

"I am in business for myself. There is my card. If you can throw any work in my way I shall regard it as a favor."

"You are in the printing business, eh? Very well. I will recommend you to my friends. Sorry that I use hardly any printing myself, or you should have it."

Prince then bade Claire and her father good-by, after receiving an invitation from the young lady to call at her home some evening, which he promised to do. He carried a proof of a job to a broker's office he was bound for, got it OK-ed and went back to his little shop. There he found Pink waiting for him. He had a new scheme under way. Pink was always thinking up new schemes that would bring the mighty dollar into his pocket. This time it was a little card folder just the size for one to carry in his vest pocket.

It was to contain the time-tables of the San Francisco ferries to Oakland, San Quentin, Alameda, Brooklyn, Berkley and Sausalito on one side, and from those places on the other. On the back of the Central and the Southern Pacific railroads time-tables. On the front, "Compliments of," followed by the card of a store-keeper or business house. Pink proposed to furnish 500 or more of these folders to advertisers for a dollar above the cost of production. After the initial cost of setting up the time-tables they would stand right along, and all he would have to pay for was the setting of each card on the front of the folder, with the stock and presswork.

"How much will this thing cost me, Prince?"

Sid told him in a few minutes what it would cost him to have the time tables set.

"I'll charge you 20 cents for each change in the card, and nothing for keeping the type standing. Of course, I wouldn't do that for everybody, but as you are my partner in the Guide, I will make everything as low as possible to you. I'll print you 500 of them for 50 cents, and 1,000 for 75 cents. You can buy the stock yourself. Deliver them flat. I'll run a perforating rule between the pages so it will be easy for a person when handed one to fold it for himself," he said.

"Go ahead and get the job up, leaving the front blank under 'Compliments of.' Print me a few dummies and I'll get to work on it."

In a few days Pink was selling the folders by the 1,000, taking from six to twelve orders a day. He made \$75 clear during the first six days canvass. His chief patrons at first were retail cigar dealers, jewelers and store-keepers generally, as they came, then he canvassed larger houses, and finally went for Chinese laundries. The scheme seemed a source of a nice little revenue to the little shop. As he turned in an average of eight or nine orders at the start a day, Prince had the cards all set up, and then run off one after the other. The work kept one press almost steadily employed, and Sid had to work his press department every night to keep up with his regular run of job work, and even then had to send some jobs out. Notwithstanding that Pink's new scheme wouldn't last long at the rate he was rushing it, Prince was alive to the fact that he needed another job press. He didn't want to get it till he had moved to his new quarters. When he would be able to move he couldn't tell. Harwood said that he ought to demand his deposit back and hunt for another office. He thought so himself, but he wanted to get on Clay street, and suitable offices with steam power were not easy to find there. All the power in that neighborhood was furnished by a central engine plant on Commercial street, between Montgomery and Sansome. It was cheaper to rent power than to run one's own engine. Only a large office could afford to do the latter anyway. Prince found that he had put his foot in it when he agreed to take the new office when he could get it. The occupants had intended to get out about the middle of January, but it was now the middle of April and they hadn't made a move. They had no lease of the premises, but the law was peculiar, and they could not be dispossessed as long as they paid their rent promptly, which they did. Each time Prince called on them

he was told they were expecting to move next month, but they didn't, and so the matter stood. Finally Prince bought another 8 by 12 job press, for he couldn't stand so much night work, and managed to get a feeder to run it. He had raised his pressman to \$12 a week on the first of the year, and now he gave him another raise to \$15. His head job compositor he raised to \$18, and that young fellow was quite satisfied, though, it is true, as we have already said, that the standard rate was \$24. For the class of work handled in a small office like Prince's, young Davis was as competent as a high priced man, and small offices could not afford to pay top figures, though often they had to do it to get a compositor in a rush. After eleven months's experience, Prince had laid out nearly \$1,500 on his office, and still had a good balance over, and he was also paying the larger share of the home running expenses. But he was getting a lot of work, and good prices for most of it.

CHAPTER XI.—Pink's Latest Scheme.

The April issue of the Youth was duly issued, and Prince collected his pay for it. He and Harwood were receiving returns from the news company, now based on a sale of about 1,000 copies out of 1,500 furnished dealers. This was good, all things considered, but there was no money in it for the young publishers. In addition, the Youth had a subscription list, paid in advance, of 800, which was not increasing very much. The paper paid, however, on account of the number of advertisements printed in it. But for Harwood and Pink Burrell there would have been very few advertisements, and the monthly would have been a failure, since it cost more than \$100 to get it out, and that was all they got out of the circulation. The paper was illustrated now, for Harwood bought a big stock of old wood cuts from a certain firm of booksellers and publishers, and inserted three or four in each issue. The cuts were pretty raw in a way, and on every imaginable subject. They had to be written up to. The one used in the April issue on the first page was 5 by 8 inches, and represented a view near the town of Aden, in Arabia. It showed a white streak through the center where two blocks had been joined to furnish a surface sufficiently large for the drawing. That spoiled its looks, but it couldn't be helped. As long as Prince and Harwood reaped a profit from the advertisements, they considered the paper a success, particularly as the little shop made money out of it, too. A couple of weeks after Prince saved Miss Fields, she paid a visit to the office with a young friend. Pink and Harwood were there at the time, and Prince introduced them. Then the young ladies were shown into the little shop, which was as busy as a bee-hive. They were intensely interested in all they saw. Before they left, both the girls subscribed for the Youth, and promised to get the boys more subscriptions. Prince promised to send them 50 visiting cards each as soon as he could print them. A few days afterward a gentleman, recommended by Mr. Fields, came in and gave Prince a large order for printing. He had to hire two extra compositors to get it out in time, and work his press depart-

ment overtime. Pink's folder scheme had petered out by this time, but he was on hand with another. It was 22 by 28 card, with a border of advertisements, and the center contained classified lists of tradesmen, directory style, throughout the city.

Pink charged \$5 for each card, and put the advertiser's name in bold type, followed by the words, "See advertisement on margin." Those he could not induce to part with \$5 he managed to separate from \$1 in consideration of putting their name in bold type. He soaked some \$2 for an extra large display type. He had no great trouble in filling his card, and Prince made a good profit out of printing it, which required the services of extra printers. It had to be printed outside, as the form was a cylinder press one. This kept Pink busy for two weeks, and he cleared over \$150 on it. He always had money to "burn," and he burned it all right. This made him popular among his friends and acquaintances. Harwood declared that if Pink dropped dead he would have a funeral a mile long. At any rate, he was a valuable ally to Prince. Rather than lose him the young printer would have sold him a half interest in the little shop. Pink had another project in view, but it was too heavy for him and Prince to tackle at present. It was a tri-weekly Shipping Guide. The fact that the field was already fully covered by ponderous looking gentlemen who had accumulated a big bank account from it did not deter Pink. He had found out that the big man, having had a monopoly so long on a good thing, had become arrogant and exceedingly independent in the conduct of the Guide.

A majority of the people who depended on it found lots of cause to kick. One of its features was to mention the wharf at which a ship or coaster docked at. The fat proprietor did his own reporting, riding around the water front twice a day, and getting the rest of his news at the Exchange. Quite frequently he announced that a recent arrival was docked at Greenwich Dock, at the foot of Battery street, and tradesmen looking for the captain's custom went there only to learn that the vessel was not there, but maybe at the other side of the city's water front. A repetition of this sort of business was exasperating, and those interested prayed that some enterprising spirit would start an opposition to the Guide, vowing to support it. The stout gentleman didn't believe anybody would presume to oppose him. If they did, he counted on its money to beat them. One rival did start up, and was becoming dangerous, whereupon the fat man proceeded to bribe him to get out, and the bribe was foolishly accepted. Pink heard the whole yarn, and he wanted to get in against the stout man, and teach him a thing or two. He believed he would have no difficulty in securing enough subscribers at 50 cents a week to make it pay from the start, and afterward he intended to fight the autocrat tooth and nail to beat him out.

Prince could not entertain the project just yet, though he believed there was money in it outside the cost of printing it. It required capital to start it, for a cheap wooden frame had to be provided free to each subscriber to hold the sheet

which would be 12 by 18 inches, with five columns filled with solid nonpareil shipping intelligence. As most of it would stand, the amount of type-setting was inconsiderable, but the alterations, chiefly in advancing the dates of vessels in transit for San Francisco, was very heavy. Another objection Prince raised was that half the work would have to be done at night; that is, the later alterations and additions. The Guide had to be printed and delivered before seven in the morning, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and contain shipping news received at the Exchange up to midnight. As Pink expected to be marine reporter as well as canvasser and hustler in general, he was mapping out a lively time for himself. However, he and Prince were resolved to get it out as soon as the facilities of the little shop permitted. They knew just how much it would cost, and what had to be done by Pink to make it a success.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Prince had talked the proposed California Theater programme over with Pink Burrell, and an agreement had been reached between them, if the scheme went through, that Pink was to get the advertisements and collect the money weekly, for which he was to be paid 25 per cent. on all cash he brought in. That would give him a steady income, for whether the advertisements were renewed or he got new ones to fill up, he would be paid just the same every week. He had no doubt that he could fill every bit of the space allotted to advertisements.

"Most of the advertisers in town know me now, and I always get their attention when I hit them on one of my schemes," he said. "Half of them say no at first, but I stick to them till I get their John Hancock to a contract. Some of them when they see me coming in, try to slip out of sight, and their clerks tells me they are out;; but when I'm pretty sure they're in I sit down and say I'll wait till they return. That always brings them out. I think a theater program will fet them, for they can't help figuring that their advertisement will be seen every night by a good many people, a part of whom carry the programme home."

"I only expect to furnish the four-page programme to the people who buy orchestra and dress circle seats, and as the same bill usually runs through the week, I'll head it thus, 'For the week beginning Monday, May ———.' I'll arrange to have all the programmes left behind collected so as to use them over unless they are soiled or crumpled. For the balcony and gallery I'll print the programme only on cheaper paper in small form. In that way I'll save paper and press-work."

A week later, during which Prince had a big run of job work, the young printer received a letter from Mrs. Brown, saying that her husband did not care to be identified with the matter of the programme. She expressed her regrets, and Prince was greatly disappointed. The only thing he could do was to call on one of the managers and introduce the subject himself. This evening

he visited Miss Claire Fields at her home and passed a pleasant evening, receiving an introduction to her mother, who took the opportunity to thank him for the service he had rendered her daughter. During the evening Prince spoke about the programme, and said that he was disappointed because Banker Brown had refused to help him.

"Why, my father is well acquainted with Mr. McCullough, and he knows Mr. Barrett, too. He'll help you out. I'm sorry he's not at home, but I'll mention it to him, and I would advise you to call at his office in the morning and tell him your plans. I'm sure he'll do anything he can to help you," said Claire.

"Thank you, Miss Fields. If you think your father would be willing to back me in this matter, I'll call on him," said Prince, feeling encouraged.

"He certainly will, for he feels under an obligation to you for saving me," she replied.

Next morning Prince called on Mr. Fields. That gentleman received him cordially and readily consented to interest himself in the matter. He was as good as his word, and arranged an interview for Prince with Mr. McCullough, the outcome of which was that the young printer secured the privilege he was after. Prince got an engraver to rush up an appropriate drawing for the first page of the programme, and this was submitted to the management of the theater. It was favorably passed upon and was immediately engraved. A dummy was hastily gotten up, and Pink was called on to do his part.

He got busy and filled the greater part of the two inside and back pages with the cards of the best advertisers whose business appealed to ladies and gentlemen attending the theater. The programme made its first appearance the first week in June, marking the end of Prince's first year in his little shop. It ran regularly after that, and was a financial success. Coincident with the appearance of the programme, Prince received word that he could move into his new quarters on Clay street any time it suited him after the middle of the month. He moved on the first of July, after having the steam fixtures put in place for his three presses. He also got the chance to buy a good second-hand small Hoe drum cylinder, capable of running off 1,800 sheets an hour. He was allowed to pay the greater part of the purchase price on time. Pink thought the shop was now able to tackle the Shippers' Guide, and proposed to get it under-way. Prince told him to go ahead.

He did, and two weeks later the first issue came out. The proprietor of the established Guide laughed when he heard of it, but three months later he didn't find it so funny, and he tried to ouy Pink out. As Pink had secured his customers on a guarantee that he would not quit, he turned the offer down, and the competition became strong between them. With the little shop in larger quarters and fast becoming a big shop, we may properly bring our story to an end. for the purpose was merely to show how Prince the Printer made his little shop pay.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LITTLE MONEY KING; OR, TEMPTING FATE IN WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

HEIGHT AND LENGTH OF OCEAN WAVES

Among the most trustworthy scientific measurements of ocean waves are those of Lieutenant Durand of the French Navy. The highest waves measured by him were in the Indian Ocean, between the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Paul.

Thirty waves, measured during a northwest gale there, averaged $29\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, and six of them, following one another with beautiful regularity, were $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height. Some still higher waves were seen, but not measured. In a moderate breeze the length of a wave was found to be about 25 times its height, but in a gale only 18 times.

WRITES WITH BOTH HANDS

Germany's newest prodigy is 21-year-old Fraulein Thea Alba, who has mastered the art of brain control over muscle more completely than any other person heretofore.

Fraulein Alba sings a German song and writes an English sentence with her left hand and a French sentence with her right at the same time. She writes a sentence in one language backward and another in a different language in regular order, or calculates with one hand and writes dictation backward with the other. She begins a sentence at both ends and completes it in the middle, writing with both hands. One of her most astounding achievements is writing with three pens at the same time, holding two in one hand and writing different words and languages with each.

VANCOUVER LAKE HAS DANCING BEAR

All by himself on a tiny island in Sproat Lake, Northern Vancouver Island, lives a big black bear that dances on his hind legs at sight of man and has a craving for honey and sugar.

No one, not even Indians, lives within many miles of the island, which stands alone at the mouth of a little creek which empties into the lake. The bear has his home in solitude, with no other animal larger than squirrels to disturb or fear him.

The dancing bear was discovered by a canoe party which was making an exploration trip from one end of the lake to the other. As the canoe was turning a head jutting out from the island a man in the bog noticed a huge bear squatting on the sand only a few yards away. He raised his gun to shoot, but when the animal, instead of scampering away into the woods, stood on his haunches like a trick dog the gun was put aside and the canoe was brought closer to the shore.

The bear held his ground and wagged his head from side to side. The boatmen tossed a lump of sugar in the direction of the bear and it was quickly devoured. The party landed on the beach and the big bear became so friendly that he ventured near enough to lick honey that had been spread on a paddle. The canoeists took a reel of photographs of the bear in various poses and then bade him good-by.

It is conjectured that years ago the bear, when only a cub, had been captured and tamed by men in a logging camp and then abandoned. Sproat Lake is becoming popular as a summer resort, so in future years the big bear is likely to have plenty of company, as well as sugar and honey.

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— OR —

A POOR BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Yes, and the kid has knocked him out!"

And all hands gazed admiringly at the sturdy lad who had acquitted himself so well in the encounter.

A husky man in overalls touched the boy on the arm.

"What's it all about, sonny?" he asked.

"That brute tried to rob me of my bundle," answered Harry.

"Good boy," said the man in overalls, while the rest of the bystanders looked approvingly. "You go on your way, sonny, and we'll see that he doesn't bother you any more."

Just as Harry picked up his bundle, Monk Wardman got on his feet, and his eyes blazed with anger as he caught sight of the boy, but he could see plainly enough that the plucky lad had made friends among those who stood near, and with a threatening look on his bleeding face he slunk away.

Harry thanked the man in the overalls, and once more shouldered his bundle and started for Oak street.

He had saved his mother's hard-earned money for her work, and he had also saved her the value of the goods, for which she would have been held responsible, but he was well aware that he had made a bitter enemy of the leader of the Swamp gang, and feared that there was serious trouble ahead of him.

"I suppose they'll 'lay' for me now," he thought, as he trudged along on his way, "but that can't be helped. I must be on my guard all the time, and all I can do is to fight, but that's what I've had to do ever since I was ten years old, so it will not be anything new to me. Well, if it gets so that I see that I have no chance with them, I'll get away from the gang by moving out of the neighborhood."

For a moment he considered the advisability of asking for police protection, but dismissed it from his mind when he reflected that more than one officer had been beaten by the gang, and that for the most part the police studiously avoided them.

He reached Oak street all right, delivered his bundle and collected the money, and started back home.

Thinking over his recent encounter, he wondered how soon he might expect Monk Wardman to act.

It occurred to him that the gang leader would guess that the bundle was to be delivered and paid for, for it was a common sight in that neighborhood to see work taken home by boys and girls, but it was usually done in the bright daylight, when there was hardly any chance of

theft. Might he not expect that Wardman would either wait for him himself, probably with some of his gang, or else put some of his followers on the job?

For a moment Harry thought of taking another route home, but he reflected that the toughs knew where he lived, and that they were as likely to wait for him in the vicinity of his home as elsewhere.

"I must take the chance," he said to himself, but as he walked along the street he kept his eyes wide open for something that would serve him as a weapon of defense should he be attacked by more than one person.

Finally he saw, lying among a heap of refuse that filled a barrel at the curbstone, something that made him smile when he thought of the execution he could accomplish with it when wielded by his strong hands and powerful arms.

It was the broken leg of an iron bedstead, of which there still remained about fifteen inches. Harry drew it from the pile of rubbish, held the lower and slimmer part in his hand, the right one, and thrust the hand down into the pocket of his jacket, so that the iron casting lay up along his sleeve and between that and his body, and in that way was perfectly concealed.

Then he went on his way, pulling his cap well down over his eyes, but keeping a sharp lookout from under the peak.

Within a block of his home the expected happened.

As he was passing a dark hallway in a lonely part of the street, two men leaped out at him.

They did not utter a word, for they expected their work to be swift and silent.

Harry saw them coming, and knew what it meant.

There was no reason to doubt that they were members of the Swamp gang who had been placed there by Monk Wardman to 'do' him.

They were both big men, and Harry would have stood but little chance with them against a united attack, had he not had the forethought to provide himself with a weapon.

They did not utter a word, and neither did Harry.

He faced them, coming to a sudden stop, and saw that they were coming for him with empty hands, not thinking it necessary for them to have any sort of weapon to overcome a mere boy.

The plucky boy did not even wait for them to come up with him, but drawing his right hand from his pocket he swung the broken bedstead leg around his head and struck at the man nearest him.

Down he went, uttering a yell of pain that could have been heard fully a block away, and then Harry turned to the other.

The latter was almost upon him, and was aiming a blow at him with his fist that the boy would not have time to block in the regular way. But he stopped it very cleverly by thrusting the iron leg into the rascal's face with all his force, turning him somewhat, and causing the blow to hit the empty air.

Then, before the man could raise his hand again, the iron leg went up swiftly into the air, and came down on the fellow's head.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GERMAN JESSE JAMES, CORNERED, KILLS SELF

Germany's nearest approach to Jessie James has died by his own hand after being surrounded and battling with the police from a barricaded house for hours.

Emil Brass, the terror of the coal mining district of the Ruhr, with his brother, have long been as widely feared as the old James gang of Missouri. Two years ago they killed their first man and since that time committed more than two score of felonies besides many petty crimes. Their chief diversion was to fire upon policemen at sight and only recently two officers were killed in Dortmund. In the chase which followed, the younger brother was killed and Emil was surrounded in a deserted house in Oberwuppen, which he held by rifle fire for several hours. As the police closed in he committed suicide.

NICKNAMES OF CITIES

Albany—The Capital City.
Atlanta—The Gate City of the South.
Baltimore—The Monumental City.
Birmingham—Birmingham the Beautiful.
Boston—The Hub, Bean Town, Athens of America.
Brooklyn—The City of Churches.
Buffalo—The Queen City of the Lake.
Charleston, S. C.—The Palmetto City.
Chicago—The Windy City and Garden City.
Cincinnati—The Queen City and Porkopolis.
Cleveland—The Forest City.
Dallas—The City of the Hour.
Dayton—The Gem City.
Denver—The City of the Plains.
Des Moines—The City of Certainties.
Detroit—The City of the Straits.
Duluth—The Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea.
Galveston—The Oleander City.
Hannibal, Mo.—The Bluff City.
Hartford—Insurance City and Charter Oak City.
Indianapolis—The Railroad City.
Jacksonville—The Gateway City.
Kansas City—The Heart of America.
Keakuk, Ia.—The Gate Coty.
Little Rock—The City of Roses.
Los Angeles—The Metropolitan of the West and the City of the Angels.
Louisville—The Falls City.
Lowell—The City of Spindles.
Lynn—The City of Shoes.
Madison, Wis.—The Lake City.
Memphis—The Bluff City.
Milwaukee—Milwaukee the Bright Spot and the Cream City.
Minneapolis—The Flour City.
Nashville—The City of Rocks.
Newark—Newark Knows How.
New Bedford—The Whaling City.
New Haven—The City of Elms.
New Orleans—The Crescent City.

New York—The Empire City, Gotham, The Metropolis.

Omaha—The Gate City of the West.

Philadelphia—The City of Brotherly Love and the Quaker City.

Pittsburg—The Iron City and the Smoky City.

Portland, Me.—The Forest City.

Portland, Ore.—The Rose City.

Providence—The Gateway of Southern New England.

Reading—The Pretzel City.

Rochester—The Flour City.

St. Joseph—The City Worth While.

St. Louis—The Mound City.

St. Paul—The Sainly City and the Gem City.

Salt Lake City—The City of the Saints.

San Francisco—The Golden Gate City.

Savannah, Ga.—The Forest City of the South.

Scranton—The Electric City.

Seattle—The Queen City.

Springfield, Ill.—The Flower City.

Springfield, Mass.—The City of Homes.

Syracuse—The Salt City and the Central City of the Empire State.

Toledo—The Corn City.

Troy—The Collar City.

Washington—The City of Magnificent Distances.

Worcester—The Heart of the Commonwealth.

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- 112 THE MISSING EVIDENCE, by Harold F. Podhaski.
- 113 A CLUE BY RADIO, by Capt. Jack Static.
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THE LONE HUT

By KIT CLYDE

I dare say most people will remember the time when a number of false notes were in circulation, both in London and most of the chief cities of the United Kingdom. Who put them into circulation no one could tell. Now one would be passed by a heavy swell—another by a respectable old man, having much of a clerical look about him—and then again another by a lady. "Evidently a lady," the victimized tradespeople would declare, "for she came up in a carriage and pair, with a coachman and a footman all complete."

How could Messrs. Tassel & Blume suspect a lady who did her shopping in that manner—although they did think it strange she did not have the goods sent home, but carried them with her? The goods came to over forty pounds. A fifty-pound note produced—tested in the proper way by the tradesman in his counting-house out of sight of the lady so that she should not be offended. It answered every test.

Being wetted, the water-marks showed up darkly, which proved that the paper was of the right kind. Then the engraving was so perfect—everything exact. No, not everything. I was the first to notice that. It was that the figure of Britannia, in the corner, had a head too big, and there were one or two other discrepancies in the engraving from the real note but so slight that it wanted a sharp eye to notice them. I consulted my partner, a clever young fellow named Snaresdale.

He listened for some time to my story, and I could see that he was not quite too well pleased with the idea until I put some further points before him, when he said:

"Take it, Gerval."

Leaving my partner, I went to the nearest grogery and got a glass of grog and a cigar.

I had almost fallen asleep over my cigar and grog, when I heard someone speaking in the bar.

Instantly I crept to the window in the door of the smoking-room, and drawing the curtain a little on one side, peeped in.

A handsome fellow of about thirty was busily engaged examining a railway guide. He had evidently found the train he wanted, for he glanced quickly up at the clock, and, finding that he had no time to spare, drank his grog and hurried off leaving the railway guide open on the counter.

In a minute I was out of my room, had seized the guide and examined the page carefully; for I had seen him run his thumb-nail down the line and I had no doubt but that he would leave a long scratch with it. He had done so, and I found that the station he wanted was Swaningdale. I hurried off to the station at once, and arrived just in time to miss the train, but there was another that went an hour later.

"All right," I thought as I jumped into a handsome cab and drove home. "I am on the track now. If that fellow was not the so-called Captain O'Meara my name is not Gerval. I felt certain that he had something to do in this matter—and I am right."

Swaningdale looked rather gloomy when I arrived; for what had been fog in London had been rain down there. But the weather was worn, and the Golden Sheaf one of the most comfortable inns I have ever stopped at. When I rose in the morning the sun was shining brightly. The birds sang cheerily, the air was fresh and beautiful and the sweet scent of Swaningdale Woods filled the air with odors.

Of course, the first thing I had to do was to make friends with the landlord, and so learn all that I could about the people; and the news I heard was of the most meager kind, Boniface not being a communicative host.

No, there was not much company in the country. Swaningdale belonged to Sir George Martingale, but he never lived there; he was always out of the country. A rich gentleman from abroad had taken the old place, and kept it "proper." What was his name? Captain Kelly.

And this was all I could hear from my host; not much, beyond that the name of Captain Kelly reminded me of Captain James O'Kelly, alias O'Meara.

It was a beautiful morning that after which I arrived at Swaningdale, and I took a stroll over the country, and lovely I found it.

I was passing through a woodland scene of great beauty when I heard the sound of voices, and listened.

"Miss Rose Elmsley," said a man, in deep, rich tones, "I pray you to listen to me. I have already told you how deeply—how passionately—I love you. I did so in a moment when my passion overcame my better feelings. I know I am unworthy of you, and therefore press my suit no further; but if I cannot be your husband, at least let me be your friend. Beware of this Captain James O'Kelly."

"You do well to speak thus of your host."

"Host! I think I have paid enough for the hospitality I have received at Swaningdale. Well, I have warned you—I can do no more. But should trouble come—and come it will, I am convinced—do not forget that you have a friend in Cecil Fortescue. Good-morning, Miss Elmsley."

From the place where I was standing I could just get a glimpse of the speaker. The man was a fine, soldier-like looking fellow.

I was about turning from this place when a peculiar noise attracted my attention. I paused and listened in wonder. What could it be? That was the clink of some machinery. I crept down through the tangled underwood, and at last, much to my surprise, found a path which led to what had the appearance of being a blacksmith's hut—a miserable, dirty place, to all appearances deserted, for the windows were boarded up and a padlock was on the door.

I heard footsteps coming rapidly behind me, and turning round, beheld a handsome, dashing fellow hurrying along. He had only a mustache—beard and whiskers had gone—but I at once knew my old friend Captain O'Kelly.

I evaded him, as I did not wish to be recognized, and strolled in another direction back to the hotel, fully convinced that I was on the right track.

I had finished luncheon, had somewhat altered my attire, and was smoking a cigar at the door of the hotel, wondering what I should do next, when

O'Kelly, dressed in riding costume, dashed up on horseback, and, dismounting, threw the reins to an hostler, with the direction that he should walk the mare up and down to prevent it getting a chill.

Strolling up to him, I engaged him in conversation; and after a while we had a drink together and became great friends—so great that I was invited to stay at Swaningdale instead of the hotel—an invitation I at once accepted.

"Come early," he said, as we shook hands. "Here come the lady for whom I have been waiting. Good-day."

"I could not come earlier, James dear," she said, all in a flutter.

"Hush, hush! That will do, Rose," he said; and having introduced me, he hurried the lady away to her horse.

As he was assisting her to mount, she turned her head around and perceived a lady watching her. The crimson color flew into her cheeks. Quickly recovering herself, she vaulted lightly on her horse and rode away, followed by the captain, who mounted his horse more leisurely.

I then turned my attention to the lady.

"You are ill, madam," I said. "Permit me to assist you into the hotel. A short rest and some stimulant——"

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind. But I am better now. You know the lady and gentleman who have just ridden away?"

"Only slightly; but as I am going to make a short visit to Swaningdale, we shall become better acquainted."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune," she said, somewhat bitterly. "But, take my advice—do not play cards."

We shook hands, and the next moment she was gone.

Everything at Swaningdale was on the most extensive plan.

"Come, Mr. Lawrence," said our host, after we had drunk our wine and returned to the ladies. "Do you play cards?"

"A little, but I fear I am a poor hand at them."

"Well, I will teach you."

Cards were produced, and I played just long enough to lose more than I liked, and then I rose from the table.

I strolled through the rooms until I met Miss Grace Fanshaw, to whom I had been formally introduced, and she at once walked with me. Her conversation was brilliant and witty, but when we were crossing an ante-room some distance from the rest of the company, her manner changed. Turning to me she demanded, sharply:

"What made you play cards?"

"To be like the rest."

"Like the rest! They are all rooks and pigeons—sharps and flats. Who are you?"

"George Lawrence——" I began, when she stopped me.

"Yes, yes—I know that story. You need not tell me unless you like. I think I can guess. Take care. These men are for the most part desperate and sooner than their frauds should be found out, would commit murder."

She had scarcely left me when a footman hurried up and gave me a note, at the same time in-

timating that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer. The note ran thus:

"Come at once. Your clue was right. Danger."

I knew the place where that note came from, and bidding the servant tell his master that I had been called away on important business—but not unless he inquired for me—and that I should be back soon, I hurried away, and having donned my greatcoat, left the Hall in the company of a man dressed like a coachman, but whom I knew to be a policeman.

Down we went through the woods until we came to the hollow wherein stood the lone hut, and there we were joined by some twenty constables, some of whom were dressed in plain clothes. A few hurried words and the inspector of the county police placed his men round the hut, while I and two men advanced to the building from which came the same strange, rumbling noise. We listened at the door, and then at a signal from me, my companion and myself rushed against the door.

A crash, and we stumbled into the hut. A muttered cry, and the light was dashed out, and the next moment someone sprang at my throat. I knocked him down, and called for lights, which were soon brought, and to my delight I discovered as pretty a copperplate press and a lithograph press, together with engraved plates of banknotes, as ever I saw in my life.

Two men were found hard at work at the presses, and no sooner were the "wristbands" on them than they confessed all—even to admitting that most of the men at the Hall were in the scheme, and Captain O'Meara, or Kelly, the soul of the plot.

The capture having been made, I instructed the police how to act, and then returned to the Hall, removed all signs of my having been out, and was proceeding to the drawing-room, when I heard the voices of women in angry conversation:

"Grace, Grace!" cried a female voice. "I know you have some dreadful plot at work against the captain."

"If I have, I have reason for it. He is fair to look at, but his soul is foul with sin. He has ruined me, and I will not spare him."

The door of the apartment in which these ladies were speaking was a little way open. I looked in and beheld Miss Franshaw, cold and haughty, and Rose Elmsley standing before her in an imploring attitude.

I saw the case pretty clearly now, and passed on to the drawing-room, entered it and having closed the door, locked it.

"What do you mean by this——" commanded Captain O'Kelly, when I stopped him.

"Pardon me, captain," I said, "I have my duty to perform. I am Detective Gerval, and am down here to trace out some forged notes and——"

"Forged notes!" yelled the captain, turning deadly pale, but putting on the air of the bully. "I do not understand you."

He muttered a fierce cry and sprang on me. Fortunately for me though not for him, he held his arm stretched out before him. Before he could touch my throat I had his wrists—"click"—and he was pretty well settled. The next day he went to Australia—a prisoner.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1922.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

FISHERMEN WERE IN LUCK

Puget Sound and neighboring harbors have been invaded by mackerel, cod, halibut and other known and unknown species of fish. Thirty thousand pounds of plaice were taken in a single haul, and a thirty-pound cod was caught from a wharf; near Bremerton Navy Yard seiners discovered huge quantities of a tiny fish resembling the Norway sardine. This inshore movement of fishes, says the Scientific American, is laid to a great earthquake that disturbed the floor of the Pacific and caused an abrupt change in the currents of the Northwest coast.

FOUR QUARTS OF OLD SCOTCH FOR 15 CENTS

The best bargain on record since King Richard offered his kingdom for a horse was completed at Victoria, B. C., Aug. 25. An auctioneer was selling the contents of an old house, the home of a widely-known and respected family. He came to a huge packing case in the cellar, filled with old rags and papers.

"How much am I offered for this packing case?" he asked.

"Fifteen cents," said the Luckiest Man in the World.

"Sold," said the auctioneer when no one else bid.

The Luckiest Man in the world took the packing case home to make a chicken coop out of it. Under the old rags and papers he found four quart bottles of old Scotch whisky. All for fifteen cents. At current British Columbia Government liquor prices he figures that his profit was a thousand per cent. The owners of the house are now wondering how they overlooked that packing case.

MONEY ORDERS PUT ON DOLLAR BASIS

The American dollar advances one more step toward supremacy as a medium of international exchange with the receipt at the Post Office Department in Washington of the acceptance by Grenada, a British colony in the West Indies, of a modification of the 1904 postal convention, put-

ting money order transactions between the United States and the colony on a dollar instead of a pound sterling basis. The Governor of Grenada signed the modification to be effective October 1.

This is the culmination of the first step taken by the Post Office Department some time ago with a view to placing all the British West India colonies on the same basis. The communication from Grenada accepting the modification indicated that the islands of St. Vincent and St. Lucia would execute separate conventions in the near future.

Other British colonies in the West Indies which have been asked to make a similar change are Jamaica, Barbados, Bermuda, Bahama, Antigua, St. Kitts, Nevis, Trinidad and Tobago, and the British Virgin Islands.

The change will mean that money orders may be purchased in the United States for these countries payable in American dollars which will be convertible into English currency by the colonial authorities at the market rate instead of the old pre-war rate of \$4.87 per pound sterling.

This is calculated to stimulate not only the sale of money orders between this country and the colonies, but to stimulate trade relations as a direct result of the stabilization of exchange.

LAUGHS

"Saw my husband downtown to-day, but passed him. I didn't recognize him." "How was that?" "He was smiling."

Elsie—After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it's clean. Don't you? Bobby—Don't have to. I look at the towel.

Our minister delivered a touching oration this morning. What was his subject? He asked for the annual missionary contributions.

"I'm going to get lots of Christmas presents," said little Willie. "I've got three uncles." "Bet I get more'n you," replied Johnny. "My sister's got six beaux."

"Strategy," said Private Murphy, up before the sergeant for examination, "is whin yez don't let the inimy di-heover that ye are out ov amunishun, but kape on firin'!"

"I am soliciting contributions for the Drunkards' Home," began the charity worker. "Sure," replied the woman of the house. "There's my husband. Take him."

Waiter—What'll you have? Rube Jayseed—Waal, I don't know which to take, whether roast beef, veal or mutton. Waiter—Take corn beef hash, and yer'll get ther whole lot.

He had invited the minister to go fishing with him. As they stole toward the lake in the gray dawn of the morning the clergyman asked: "Have we all the bait we ought to have?" "No," replied Diggsby, "not by a jug full!"

GOOD READING

GOLDBEATERS MAKE LEAVES 282,000TH OF INCH THICK

Goldbeaters can reduce leaves of gold so thin that 282,000 must be lain upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, each leaf is so free from flaws that one of them lain upon any surface as in gilding gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 of them would occupy the space of only a single leaf of ordinary print paper and an octavo volume of an inch in thickness would have as many pages as the books of a library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each book. Still thinner than this, too, is the coating of gold upon silver wire of the trimming known as gold lace.

Although the thread the silkworm spins is so fine that a hundred of the delicate fibers are necessary in the twisting of the finest silk sewing thread, the web-making material of the common spider is so much finer than the silkworm's thread that a mass of it less than two drachms in weight would if stretched its entire length extend a distance of 400 miles.

WOMAN-HATING PARROT

A woman-hating parrot, another which sings "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet" and a third which is so vain that she continually announces, "I'm so pretty" are among the parrot population of Sawtelle, Cal., which were disclosed in a recent census.

"Zip" is the parrot which positively refuses to have anything to do with the fair sex. Zip is owned by Mrs. M. E. Gilbert, No. 325 Colorado avenue. Neither she, her daughter nor any of their female neighbors can do other than make Zip bristle up his feathers and emit a low growl when they appear. But when S. A. Gilbert, a son, or any other male appears and requests Zip to talk, whistle or do many tricks, he responds readily.

Very frequently Zip will extend invitations such as "Come on over, Ethel!" or "Come on over, Marie!" There is no one by this name in the Gilbert household and "Ethel and Marie" are believed to refer to some female friends in Zip's dark past. He is eighteen years old.

Polly, who sings "Put On Your Gray Bonnet," is owned by Mrs. Chloe C. Totten. When she sees the children going to school she politely asks, "Going to school?" But on Sunday when they are wearing their best bib and tucker, she invariably salutes them with "Good boys and girls going to church." She alternates her favorite song frequently with "Glory to His Name," which she sings in perfect tune.

The vain little bird is Polly Myers and a native of Mexico. She is owned by Mrs. E. J. Myers. She insists upon being called Polly at all times, and if called by any other name she promptly emits a series of squawks, intermingled with "Polly, Polly, Polly."

Patsy Boy, owned by Mrs. Emma Frazell, on Antietam street, was hatched in the Island of

Pines, near Havana. Patsy Boy's pet aversions are cats and dogs. It doesn't matter to Patsy Boy what a cat or dog is doing, it shouldn't be done. She promptly cries out, "Don't do that, don't you dare do that, you cat." Incidentally, Patsy Boy called a dog a cat, but it is not known whether it is used figuratively or not.

PONY PIRATES

Motorists passing through the New Forest, Hampshire, England, after dark have to keep their eyes open to avoid running into the stray bands of cattle and horses that wander in a semi-wild state over the roads and through the recesses of this thinly populated country.

The chief offenders are the shaggy-haired ponies, but as they are as cunning as old foes, more often than not the passing motorist only discovers them, with his dazzle lights, when they are peering at him with wide-eyed indifference from behind a tree.

These animals, intractable and semi-wild, belong to a species of nomads that never by any chance wander singly, but mostly in couples and sometimes in small battalions.

Strange as it may appear, the edible grass stuff is not nourishing enough to appease the appetite of these ponies, and no pony above a certain size is likely to survive for long. Hence in their search for food they wander far and wide, and overcome many obstacles to obtain that which they dearly love—cabbages, sprouts and other cultivated plants grown by the villagers in their gardens.

These pony pirates, when they come across a field of plants, will hang about all day if there is any one about waiting for the opportunity to get in, in the meantime feeding quite innocently from the hedgerows. But they get busy at night time.

One of the forest laws is that ponies must not be shod, and this enables them to cover up their tracks easily.

Their instinct and sight are marvelous, as on the darkest of nights they will make for the weakest spot in a fence.

They test the strength of the obstacle by pushing their bodies against the wire or paling. If it resists they walk up and down, endeavoring to find an opening.

Failing in that, they will charge, deliberately going back and rushing the obstruction. They will keep on doing this until something gives way, when they will nose the obstacle out of the way and enter the field or cottage garden.

If there is any trailing wire they will push their heads under it and fling it up over their bodies.

They have even been seen to push open five-barred gates and lift the latches with their noses.

They can pick their way up the narrow path of a garden, pass the dog in the kennel, and brush through open chicken runs, and neither the dog nor the chickens have been disturbed, and the inmates of the house have not known of their presence till they found in the morning that all the tops of their cabbages had been eaten off.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

SNAKES UPSET CAR

John Sapelton, a salesman, driving from Goshen, N. J., on the Bayshore Road, to Swanton, on the seashore road, through a densely wooded spot, saw two snakes apparently in deadly combat.

Thinking he would kill both snakes by running over them, he turned his car toward them. In some manner the snakes got entangled in the steering gear and before Sapleton could stop had run off the side of the road and the car turned turtle.

Sapleton was not injured and passing automobilists helped him right the car. The reptiles were found to be king snakes that measured nearly 7 feet each in length.

FOX SHARKS CAUGHT OFF ENGLISH COAST

Unusually large numbers of fox sharks have been caught off Sunderland lately. In several cases they have been so large as to break the nets or carry off part of them. An exceptionally large specimen which became entangled in the net of some salmon fishers struggled so fiercely that the men had to cut the net adrift to save the boat from being overturned. The fish have generally been found a few miles out to sea, but a few days ago alarm was caused among the bathers at Roker, a seaside resort near Sunderland, by the appearance of one, stated to be about ten feet long, off the pier.

Local fishermen suggest that the fish may have been drawn to the locality by the presence of bodies freed from vessels sunk during the war.

Another theory is that they have been brought by a change in ocean currents.

Fox sharks, which are also known as sea apes, are not common off the coast of Britain, but a few specimens are usually caught each year following the shoals of herrings and pilchards. They have slender bodies, and with the tails, they often attain a length of fifteen feet.

BERLIN'S BLOODED DOGS PARADE IN STREETS

Headed by a flock of sheep lashed together and guarded by shepherd dogs wearing muzzles, Berlin's blooded dogs of every description were paraded through the streets recently.

The parade followed the route used by political demonstrators, starting from the Zoological Garden and marching down Unter den Linden to the Lush Garten. Clipped poodles, panting Pomeranians and waddling dachshunds had their places in line, but chief attention was given to the files of collies and troops of police dogs.

At one of the most crowded corners a demonstration of police dog ability was arranged. A man suddenly ran away with a bicycle from the curb and dashed into the crowd. At a word from one of the guards a police dog sprang after him and stopped the thief before he had gone

forty yards. The dog then calmly trotted back to his place in the parade ranks.

The parade had to be halted for an hour when the police discovered that some one had stolen the padded costume to be worn by the "criminal." Another was rushed from an outlying station, however, and the parade went on.

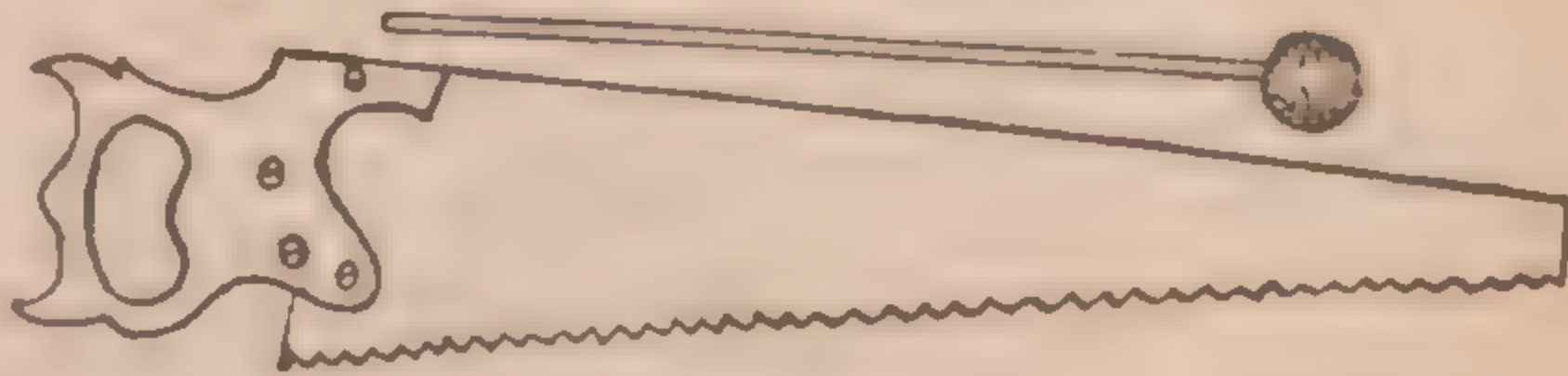
GOLDFISH WITH HISTORY

Forty gold fish, some of them a foot long, brought to Princeton, Ind., from Washington, Ind., by C. G. Taylor, Secretary of the Princeton Chamber of Commerce, and Dr. M. P. Hollingsworth, have a history. The two men found them in a pond on the premises of the Hincer Manufacturing Company, where, according to Taylor, they have been thriving ever since 1913.

High water forced the fish into the pond. Literally, they were rescued from an aquarium car, on its way from New Jersey to California, which was stranded in the Big Four yards when the White River bridge was washed out. The fish then were minnows, dull in color. Only the fact that they were shipped by the Government gave any indication that they were unusual.

Taylor, who was then connected with the Hincer plant, recalls that in a year after they were placed in the pond they "turned gold." After that he lost track of them until last Saturday, when Jack Holliday, who came to Princeton from Washington, spoke of a pond that was filled with gold fish.

The Princeton men, arriving at Washington, found the report true. They seined only enough gold fish to bring back samples. Monday the largest fish of the lot leaped from its jar and was killed when it fell to the tile floor of the Chamber of Commerce office. It is reported that the gold fish, which thrive so well in a mill pond, are Japanese fish.

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LARGE SHARK IN FRESH WATER LAKE

A Philadelphia despatch of recent date stated that a twelve-foot shark had been shot and killed in the Delaware River at Tacony, and went on to say: "How it managed to get nearly 100 miles from its native ocean haunts is a mystery."

That sharks occasionally ascend rivers into fresh water, there can be no doubt, though in Northern latitudes they do not remain there.

Lake Nicaragua, at the head of the San Juan River, at least 125 miles from the Atlantic, in a straight line, is simply alive with man-eating sharks, many of them monsters. It is common to see them lying just below the surface, as if any hopeless individual unlucky enough to fall into the water.

That they are not a fanciful menace to life is proved by statistics, which show that twenty five persons annually fall victims to them in the lake. It is noteworthy that they are of the same species found in the Caribbean Sea, and it is supposed they ascend the river to the lake. It is also worthy of note that Lake Nicaragua is the only body of fresh water in the world known to be inhabited by sharks.

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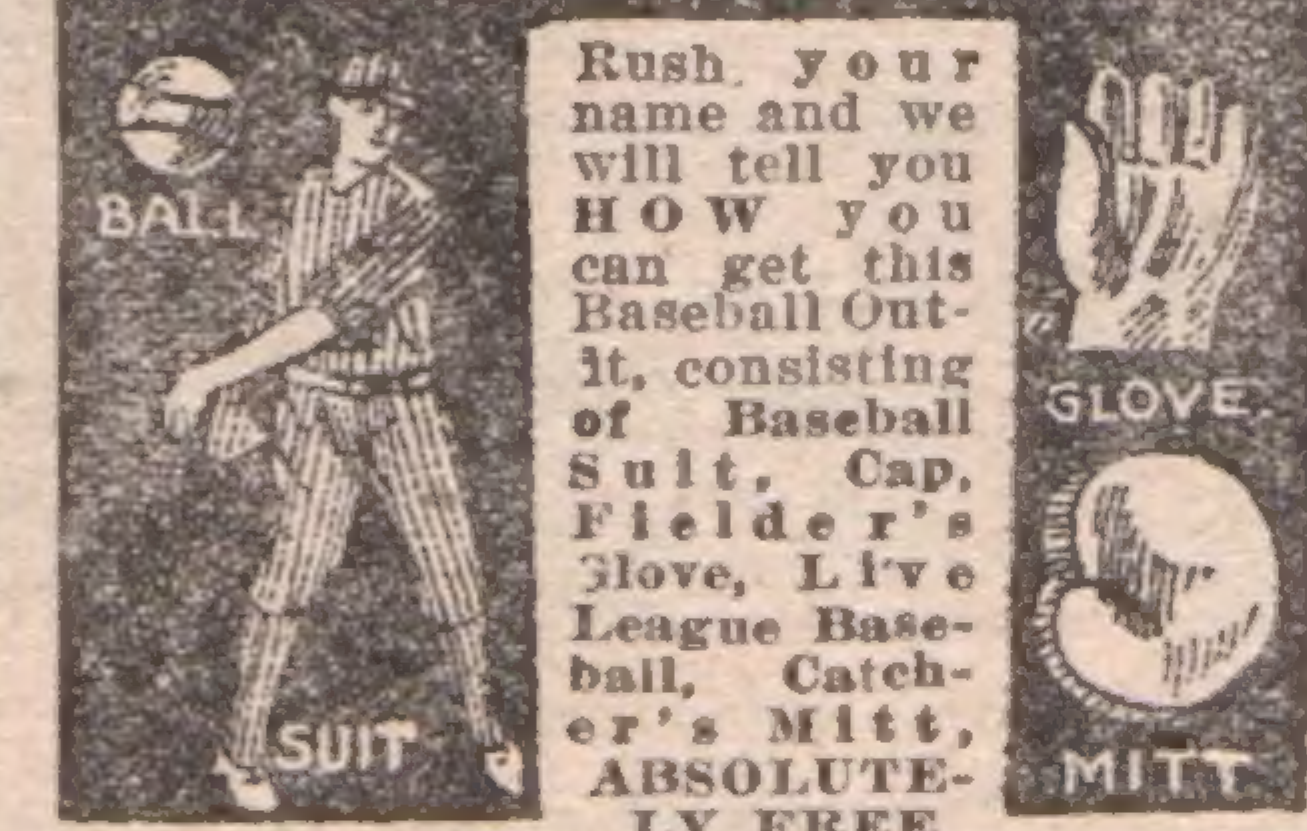
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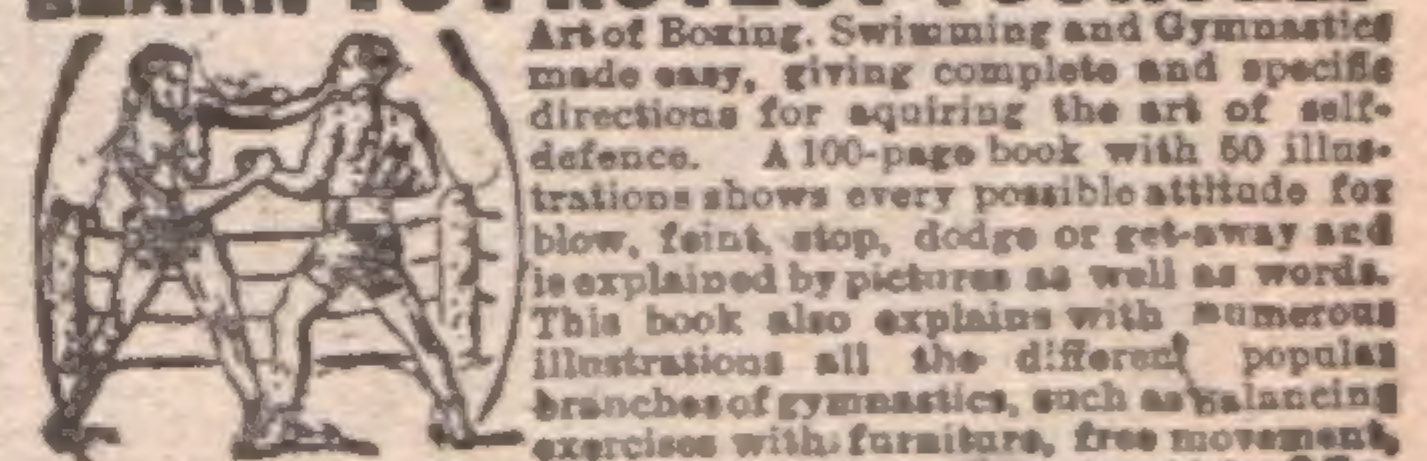
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